The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature

1s. net. PART III. NOW READY. *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We hear that a volume of Mr. Balfour's Speeches on the "Fiscal Question" will be issued by Messrs. Longmans practically at once. In view of the forthcoming General Election, this is a book which should have a very wide sale.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's serial story, "A Benedick in Arcady," now running in the *Queen*, will be published in book-form early in the year; indeed, as soon as possible after the General Election.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is now, as usual at this time of the year, on his way out to South Africa, and he will not return to his English home in Sussex until the early part of May next.

The most important piece of work from Mr. Kipling's pen to be published this year will be some ten short stories, which will appear serially in this country in the *Strand Magazine*, under the general title of "Puck of Pook's Hill." They will be published serially in America in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and in *McClure's Magazine*, and afterwards in book-form here, in America, and elsewhere in the usual way.

Amongst the authors who have agreed to write stories, either long or short, for publication in the new *Tribune*, are Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and "Q."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new novel, "Sir Nigel," which, we believe, the author estimates to be his best piece of work, will be published in book-form by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. some time during the next autumn season, and in America it will bear the imprint of the S. S. McClure Co.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) has returned home from Simla and is likely to remain in this country. Mrs. Cotes' new novel, "Set in Authority," now running serially in the *Times* (weekly edition), will be published in book-form by Messrs. Constable and Co. in the spring of the new year.

Mr. R. S. Hichens' new novel, "The Call of the Blood," now running serially in the *Queen*, is to be published in book-form by Messrs. Methuen and Co. next autumn. In America it is being published serially by Messrs. Harper and Bros. in their *Bazaar*, and it will be issued by them in book-form at the same time as it is published here by Messrs. Methuen.

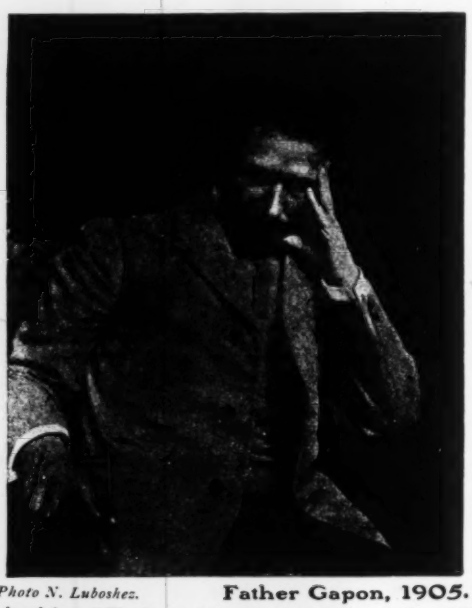


Photo N. Luboshez. **Father Gapon, 1905.**
(Reproduced from "The Story of My Life," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

The latest work by the distinguished French economist, M. Yves Guyot, "The Protectionist Comedy," will make its timely appearance in an English version early this month. The translator, Mrs. Charles Hamilton, is, we understand, a daughter of the late Professor Robert Adamson.

Mr. Sidney Lee, in the *Times* of December 27th, communicated a small but interesting discovery relating to "Mr. Shakespeare" in retirement at Stratford-on-Avon in the year 1613. The dramatist was appealed to as an accredited wit by his old fellow-actor, Burbage, for a motto for a badge to be worn by the Earl of Rutland in a great tilting function at Court. As a small recognition of his services he was remitted forty-four shillings in gold, which was duly entered in the Household Accounts at Belvoir Castle. The actual entry in the Book in the Belvoir muniment room is as follows:—

1613.

Item, 31 *Martii*, to Mr. Shakespeare in gold about my Lorde's impreso, xliiijs; to Burbage for paynting and making yt, in gold xliiijs—iiij *li* viijs.

Only last year about this time, it will be remembered, the papers were full of the newly-discovered quarto of "Titus Andronicus," unearthed at Lund, Sweden, and bought for America for the large sum of £2,000. A few months back the name of Shakespeare was discovered in connection with some litigation in connection with his Blackfriars property. Mr. Lee expresses a hope that a more systematic investigation among records will bring to light a number of new references, about some of which rumour has already been busy.

Mr. Lee's Introduction to "Elizabethan Sonnets" in the "English Garner" (vols. XI. and XII., as rearranged under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Seccombe) has been prescribed by the Inspecteur Général as one of the set books for *agrégation* in English Literature.

Baron Suyematsu's new book, "A Fantasy of Far Japan," represents a number of actual conversations on Japanese topics between the Baron and several well-known leaders of Society in Paris, whose identity will be detected under the more or less transparent disguise. The dainty cover was specially devised for the book by a Japanese artist. The Baron's mission in Europe, which has found literary expression in "The Risen Sun" and the present volume, is understood to be terminated, and he has just sailed on his return journey to Kobe.

The beautifully illustrated edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "They," which was published by the Macmillans last month, proved, we understand, to be one of the most successful of the Christmas books. The delightful illustrations by Mr. Townsend seem to us to be particularly happy and in perfect harmony with Mr. Kipling's beautiful story.

Those who attended Mr. Stopford Brooke's recent series of lectures on Shakespeare at University College, concluding with a most brilliant exposition of the second part of Henry IV. on 7th December, will be glad to hear that the lecturer has in hand a second series of Shakespeare studies (Ten More Plays of Shakespeare), in which these lectures will be incorporated. The volume will be published by Messrs. Constable.

Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" continues

The late Mr. W. H. Wilkins.
Author of "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV."

to enjoy an exceptional success in America. It is pronounced to be the best novel and the best selling book of the season. At the same time, American critics are much divided regarding its accuracy as a picture of a certain section of New York life.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Wheel of Life," will be published this month. Having won a brilliant success as an interpreter of Virginian life, she has now shifted the scene to New York city. The hero is a literary man. We understand it is the largest and most ambitious novel yet attempted by the author of "The Deliverance."

The forthcoming volume of Short Stories selected from the *contes* of George Gissing will be preceded by a critical survey of the whole of Gissing's work from the pen of Mr. Thomas Seccombe.

We understand that Mr. H. G. Wells will visit America at an early date. Mr. Wells has long been as popular in America as here, and none of his books has been received with greater enthusiasm than "Kipps." One well-known American literary journal wrote of it: "It scarcely exceeds rashness to say that not since 'David Copperfield' has English literature been enriched with so remarkable a story of the growth of a boy through youth into manhood."

Mr. Arthur Rackham's charming illustrations to "Rip Van Winkle," which have attracted so much attention here this season, have been equally popular in the land of the story's birth. American critics speak of the artist having "caught the very spirit of Irving's classic and interpreted anew its old-fashioned grace and elfin playfulness."

Liberal politicians will probably make much use this month of a small book which will be published immediately under the title, "Joseph Chamberlain on Both Sides." The work consists chiefly of sharply contrasted quotations supporting Mr. Gladstone's indictment of 1893: "It would be an interminable task to bring into juxtaposition his innumerable contrarieties against himself." Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, who has compiled the book, has long been a well-known member of the Press Gallery.

We understand that four large editions of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Ayesha" have been called for in America.

We understand that Mrs. Frances Campbell's new volume of stories of child-life will be published early in the spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mrs. Campbell still retains a journalistic connection with Australia, in the form of a weekly letter in the *Brisbane Courier* and the *Queenslander*.

"The Enemy at Trafalgar" is the title of a new book by Mr. Edward Fraser, which will be published early in the year. It tells the story of the battle exclusively from French and Spanish records, and throws much new light on the Napoleonic plan of invasion. Mr. Fraser, who for long has been on the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, has for many years made the history of Trafalgar the subject of special research. The work will be copiously illustrated, and will contain many rare plans and maps from foreign sources.

Temple Bar, after a distinguished career of over forty years, is to join the ranks of the sixpennies. We understand that the outstanding features of the

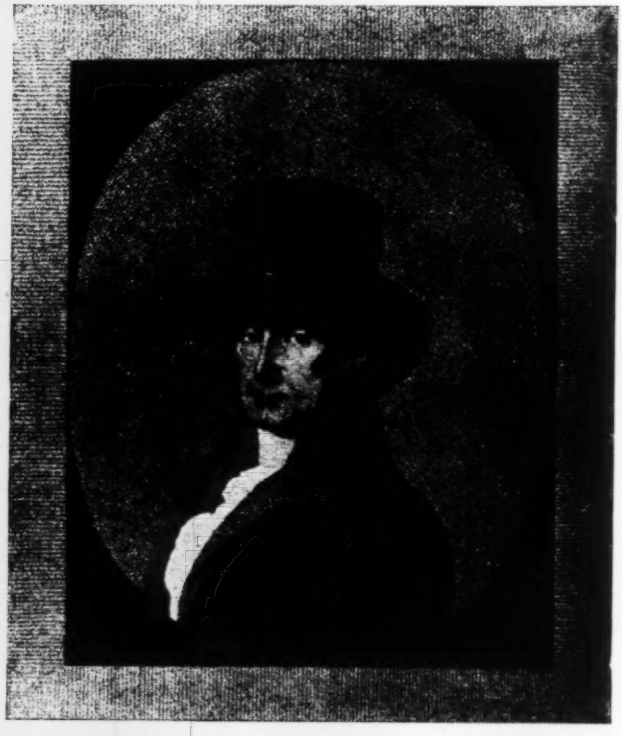
Photo J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell.

magazine will be retained, namely, high-class short stories and articles of biographical interest.

Under the title, "Brief Literary Criticisms," Messrs. Macmillan are adding to the Eversley Series a volume of selected critical papers from the *Spectator*, by the late R. H. Hutton.

Mr. Andrew Lang's volume on Scott in the "Literary Lives" Series will be published early this year. Mr. Lang's high estimate of Lockhart was made apparent in his brilliant biography, and in the monograph about to be published he emphasises his opinion. "The late regretted Mr. David Carnegie, after twice crossing the Australian desert, summed up his results



From a Painting by George Stubbs. **Warren Hastings.**

(Reproduced from "The Letters of Warren Hastings to His Wife," by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

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Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 20TH.

A slight slackening was evinced during the earlier portion of the month, but was quickly superseded by a renewal of briskness which continued to increase steadily as the month advanced, with the result that as we close our report, with Christmas close at hand, the "strenuous life" is fully exemplified throughout the various wholesale distributing centres. Orders from all parts are very heavy, and it is evident that the trade of the present season is materially above the average of recent years.

The six-shilling novel is, of course, by far the leading line, and the various successful volumes are so many that it becomes exceedingly difficult to point out the most prominent individual issues. A noticeable feature, however, is that, but with few exceptions, all the leading authors are represented, and the early date at which many of their works appeared has secured a lengthy period of success.

As we have previously noted, few past years can boast of such an output of interesting biographies, and this class has proved a very attractive line both in point of number and interest. The most recent appearance is a "Life of Emma, Lady Hamilton," by J. T. H. Baily, the sales of which at once placed it to the forefront.

A noticeable feature also of the present season is the appearance of a new illustrator in Mr. Arthur Rackham, who, if it be permissible to prophesy, is likely, with his quaint delineations for Rip Van Winkle, to mark a new era. Undoubtedly this production has proved the leading item in the artistic volumes of the year.

The "Empire and the Century" and "The High Road of Empire" have both been much in request; the same may also apply to "The Nelson Navy Book" and "The Red Romance Book," all of which have been free selling items.

The two most notable items in three-and-sixpenny fiction have been "Captains All" and "Four Just Men."

Children's illustrateds and gift-books of all descriptions for the youthful portion of the community have had considerable sales, and have very materially helped to bulk the transactions of the month. In the first-mentioned class the Buster Brown books have evidently been the favourites.

"Whitaker's Almanack," "Hazell's Annual," and "The *Daily Mail* Year Book," the three popular and very hardy annuals, are again on the market, and the immense sales, more especially of the first-named of these productions, add a very considerable strain upon the distributing centres at this busy period.

Although appearing only at the last moment, mention must be made of "The Queen's Carol," a medley of contributions by a galaxy of eminent contributors, and issued on behalf of Her Majesty's Fund for the Unem-

ployed. It is almost unnecessary to add that large orders have been placed for this work.

With their Christmas enlargements the special numbers of the magazines are particularly heavy, both in bulk and sales, and the sales have been correspondingly heavy. The special number of THE BOOKMAN, with its wealth of illustration, was readily disposed of.

The following is a list of the works which have been most in demand throughout the month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

Starvecrow Farm. By S. J. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
The Red Reaper. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lone Marie. By W. E. Norris. (Macmillan.)
French Nan. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
Soprano. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Ayesha. By H. R. Haggard. (Ward, Lock.)
Kipps. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
The Household of Peter. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
One Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
The Image in the Sand. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Vivien. By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen.)

"They." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Four Just Men. By Edgar Wallace. 3s. 6d. (Tallis Press.)
Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Emma, Lady Hamilton. By J. T. H. Baily. 10s. 6d. net. (W. G. Menzies.)
Rip Van Winkle. Illustrated by A. Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Empire and the Century. 21s. net. (J. Murray.)
The High Road of Empire. By A. H. H. Murray. 21s. net. (J. Murray.)
Earl Granville Memoirs. By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Longmans.)
Chariots of the Lord. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Criticism of the Fourth Gospel. By W. Sanday. 7s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)
The Days of His Flesh. By D. Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Dean Church. By J. Lathbury. 3s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)
The Garden of Nuts. By Dr. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Buster Brown and his Dog Tige. 3s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)
The Pig Book. 2s. (Dean.)
The Red Romance Book. By Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Nelson Navy Book. 6s. (Blackie.)
Whitaker's Almanac, Hazell's Annual, and *Daily Mail* Year Book.
Told to the Children Series. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
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(2) SCOTLAND.

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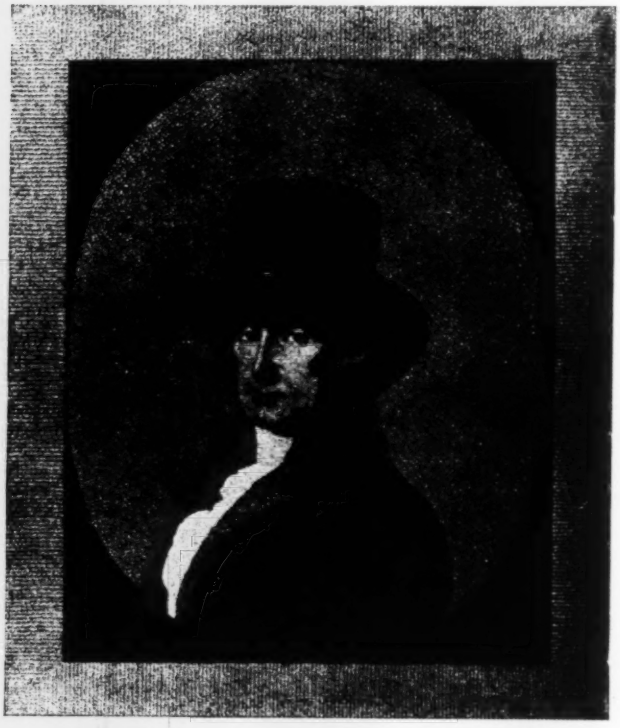
With indications of improved business booksellers prepared liberally for the customary Christmas trade, and as all intended season's books had now been published they awaited customers' requirements. Foremost in gift books was Sir H. Maxwell's "Story of the Tweed," with its excellent black and white drawings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron; other illustrated works highly appreciated were Messrs. Black's beautiful books, notably "Kate Greenaway" and "Abbotsford." As usual children's gift books formed a considerable part of orders placed, and this department had its customary lot of attractive volumes in rich bindings and illustrations. In addition to Annual volumes of such favourites as "Chatterbox" and "Little Folks," Messrs. Jack's two beautifully produced books, "Our Island Story," and "In God's Garden," must be mentioned, and the same enterprising firm's well-known "Told to the Children Series" sold readily. Other books in ready demand were "Sir Toady Lion," by S. R. Crockett; "Trafalgar Re-Fought," by Clowes and Burgoyne; "Buster Brown and his dog Tige," and a new book by G. A. Henty.

Now was the time to purchase thin paper editions of popular works as suitable for Christmas gifts, and of these dainty volumes the most easily sold were Nelson's set of Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray, and other books in this form readily disposed of were Max Müller's "Thoughts on Life and Religion," and Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

As was to be expected, much interest was aroused in Captain Scott's volume, "The Voyage of the Discovery," and its account of the South Polar Expedition, which was chiefly bought by the libraries. Several remarkably interesting biographical works appeared during the time under review, the most prominent of

After the Painting by Richard Cosway. **Mrs Fitzherbert.**

(Reproduced from "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)



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(Reproduced from "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

these being "A. R. Wallace's Life"; "Emma, Lady Hamilton," by W. Sichell; "Life of Sir Wemyss Reid"; and "Dr. Almond of Loretto."

Gowan's Nature books found numerous interested purchasers, and Foulis's "I Go a-Walking Through Lane and Meadows" was of special attraction to all field naturalists.

Several six shilling novels experienced a brisk demand. The following were the most successful: "French Nan," by A. and E. Castle; "House of Mirth," by E. Wharton; "Breath of the Gods," by S. McCall; "Kipps," by H. G. Wells; "Red Reaper," by J. A. Steuart; "Soprano," by F. M. Crawford; and "Cherry Ribband," by S. R. Crockett.

The best selling book of a humorous nature was "Captains All," by W. W. Jacobs. A good railway book was Grinling's "Ways of Our Railways," and on account of political changes there was more than the usual demand for Whitaker's Almanac and the Daily Mail Year Book.

The two most successful magazines were deservedly "The Woman at Home," and "The Windsor," with special supplements. The following is our list of best selling books:—

General Literature.

The Story of the Tweed. By Sir H. Maxwell. 10s. net. (Nisbet.)
The Voyage of the Discovery. By Captain Scott. 42s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
Müller's Thoughts on Life. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By Gissing. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Told to the Children Series. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Jack.)
Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Pilot of Swan Creek. By R. Connor. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Trafalgar Re-Fought. By Clowes. 6s. (Nelson.)
Nelson's New Century Library Volumes.
Grinling's Ways of our Railways. 10s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock.)
Kate Greenaway. 20s. net. (Black.)
Abbotsford. By W. S. Crockett. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
In Japanese Hospitals. By Mrs. Richardson. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)
I Go a-Walking Through Lane. 2s. 6d. net. (Foulis.)
Buster Brown and his Dog Tige. 3s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)
Whitaker's Almanac and the *Daily Mail* Year Book.

Six Shilling Novels.

French Nan. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
Kipps. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
Soprano. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
House of Mirth. By E. Wharton. (Macmillan.)
Breath of the Gods. By S. McCall. (Hutchinson.)
Love the Tyrant. By C. Garvice. (Hutchinson.)
Red Reaper. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Travelling Thirds. By G. Atherton. (Harpers.)
Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
St. Cuthbert's of the West. By R. E. Knowles. (Oliphant.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JANUARY, 1906.

The Booksellers' Diary.

JANUARY 5—31.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

January 5th.

Oxford Year Book and Directory, 1906, 5s. net. (Swan Sonnenschein)
Schoolmasters' Year Book and Directory, 1906, 6s. net. (Swan Sonnenschein)

January 9th.

MURRAY, Prof. GILBERT.—"Electra" of Euripides. Acting Edition, 1s. net. .....(Allen)

January 10th.

Cambridge Year Book and Directory, 1906, 5s. net. (Swan Sonnenschein)
HARDY, E. G., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford.—Essays connected with Roman History, 6s. (Swan Sonnenschein)

January 11th.

BROADLEY, A. M. and R. G. BARTELOTT.—The Life and Letters of Thomas Masterman Hardy, 16s. net. (John Murray)
SMYTH, H. WARINGTON.—Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia, 21s. net. .....(John Murray)
FOUNTAIN, PAUL.—Eleven Eaglets of the West, 10s. 6d. net. ..... (John Murray)
CLEMENSON, Mrs.—Mrs. Montagu..... (John Murray)
MACMICHAEL, J. HOLDEN.—Charing Cross and its Neighbourhood, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Chatto)

January 15th.

Ruskin Treasuries.—Wealth, 6d. net..... (Allen)
EVANS, ERNEST.—The Student's Hygiene. (Swan Sonnenschein)

January 18th.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Hugo, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

January 20th.

RUSKIN, JOHN.—Unto This Last, 1s. net..... (Allen)
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford, 26s. net. (Allen)

January 25th.

PENNY, F. E.—Caste and Creed, 6s..... (Chatto)
Public Schools' Year Book, 1906, 2s. 6d. net. (Swan Sonnenschein)

January 31st.

REDWAY, MAJOR.—The Fredericksburg Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net. ..... (Swan Sonnenschein)

During the Month. Dates Uncertain.

SALEEBY, C. W., M.D.—Ethics (Shilling Scientific Series), 1s. net..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
BENNETT, E. T.—Spiritualism (Shilling Scientific Series) 1s. net. ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SMITH, Prof. GOLDWIN.—Irish History and the Irish Question, 6s. net..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

SHELLEY.

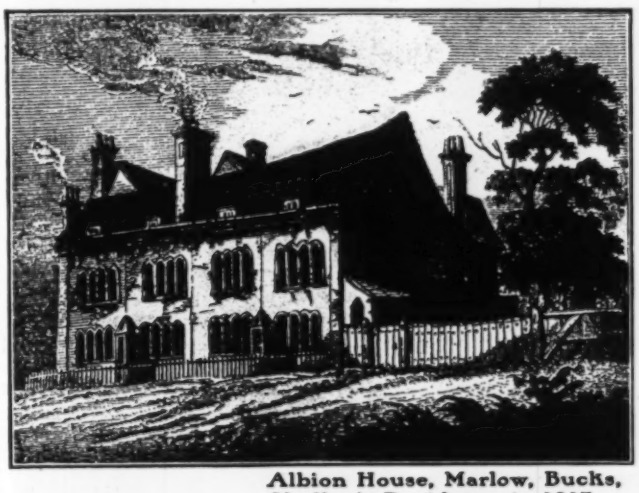
By H. Buxton Forman, C.B.

THE first essential for a lasting poetic reputation is that the poet should know how to be amusing. The term is used in its widest sense, in that sense which traces it back to its original home amid the doings of the Muses. It is not necessary for a poet to amuse us by appeals to that restricted region of the mind in which Joseph Grimaldi reigned unquestioned, or to tickle us with the exquisite dexterity and subtle knowledge of certain byways of human intelligence which mark one of the domains of Tom Hood's supremacy—the domain of puns and whimsical gibes. It is not necessary that the poet should make us laugh at all. Some of the greatest poets have, it is true, the grace of humour added to their manifold endowments; and a very saving grace it is. But others, even of the greatest, either through an exalted sense of the dignity of their mission, or through congenital lack of the sense of the ludicrous, do not once awake our laughter in the whole course of their lofty labours. And yet, if they were not amusing in the higher sense, they would not be poets. Writers in verse may be amusing without being poets; but they cannot be poets without being amusing. They must keep our emotions and our intelligence entertained in an ordered and balanced manner by the exercise of their own creative gift: they must keep alive in us the sense that we are apprehending something that is a product of an exalted life lived in the soul of the singer, something real clothed in a garb of simulation, something that is song and not mere speech; and, not only so, but something fitted by its nature to be given forth in song and not fitted by its nature to be delivered in mere unrhythmic speech.

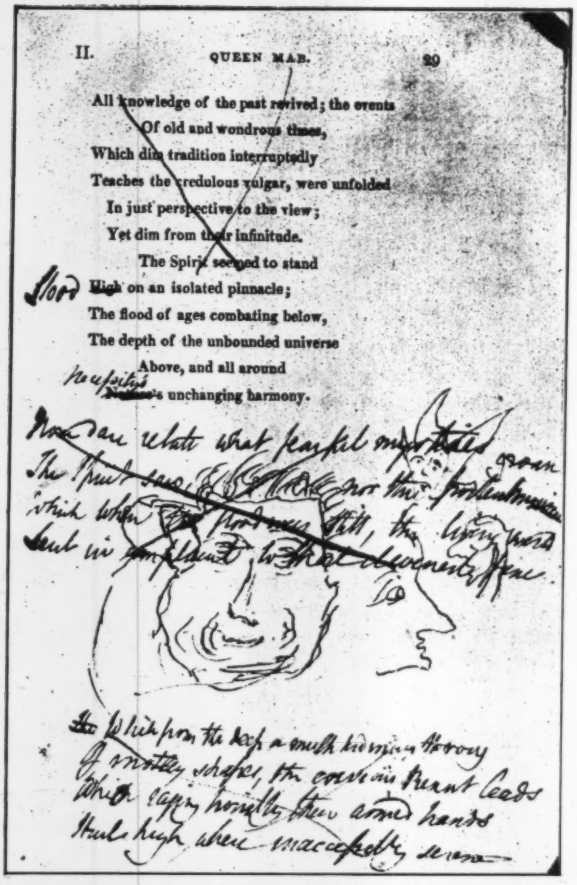
Shelley's poetical works mark him distinctly among the few poets of the first quarter of the nineteenth century who, when once come to maturity, never failed to be amusing either in the one sense or in the other. He drives us perilously near the necessity of classing him among those great singers who never condescend—if condescension it be—to express a thought that shall tickle the diaphragm to the point of causing unseemly spasms, or even interfere with the adjustment of the facial muscles. But, though wit and humour were usually in abeyance when Shelley was girt for singing, we know that he had both humour and wit, not only from many a passage in his letters, but also from two substantive works which, though not exactly riotous, or even of the lesser degree of funniness which De Quincey differentiated as "rotous," were yet calculated to interfere with the adjustment of the facial muscles, and even touch the diaphragm. These works need scarcely be specified; for who that knows his nineteenth century poets passably well has not been amused in the narrower as well as the wider sense by "Swellfoot the Tyrant" and "Peter Bell the Third"? Moreover, what poet unendowed with wit and humour could possibly have given us those two large and lovely transfusions from the Greek which we find among Shelley's works—the unique satyric drama of "The Cyclops" from Euripides, and the delightfully entertaining poem which we know as Homer's Hymn to Mercury?

But these four works, although they serve to illustrate certain truths about Shelley, might almost be dropped out of the account in seriously estimating the magnitude of his achievement for the pleasure and profit of humanity, were it not for the fact that they constitute a body of poetry which serves to separate him from the humour-lacking great ones. The truths they illustrate, let it be noted in passing, are first that the mature Shelley never let the tension of his verse slacken to that of prose, and secondly that Shelley, once through the year 1814, was always and forever Shelley—full of fire, emotion, sympathy, and aspiration; sad and sweet at one time, fierce and aggressive at another, but never less than lofty in expression, ever weaving verse of that gossamer texture which makes it clear to those who read the black words on the white paper and do not hear the voice or see the gesture, that the region where this poetry had birth was that upper plane of æther in which so few can breathe—that the touch is that of the magician whose spirit can soar away into the blue and live and move there in impetuous security.

It is because Shelley, when he had finished sowing the curious mass of wild oats known to us as his juvenilia, never in truth desisted from that high seriousness which makes the soul of his work so precious to mankind, that the very body of it also assumed so highly organic a texture as to give price to his merest scrap or fragment. The life of the poet's soul up there in the blue could not continue in one unbroken flow of creation; now and again he must descend and relax. But even then the manners and habits of unassisted aërial navigation would cling to him; and, if the relaxation were but a spell of high-class fool-



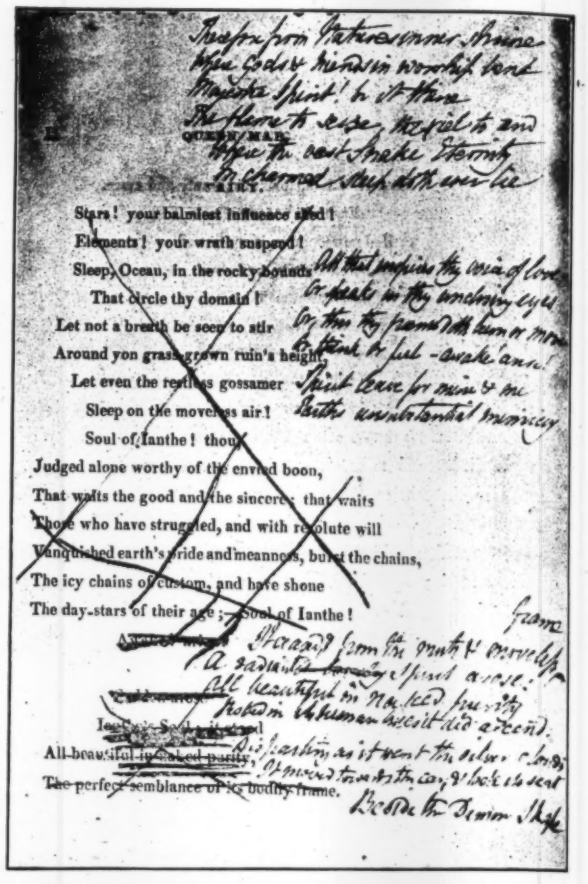
Albion House, Marlow, Bucks, Shelley's Residence in 1817.



II. QUEEN MAB. 29

All knowledge of the past revived; the events
Of old and wondrous times,
Which dim tradition interruptedly
Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded
In just perspective to the view;
Yet dim from their infinitude.
The Spirit seemed to stand
High on an isolated pinnacle;
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Necessity's unchanging harmony.

A Page from the copy of "Queen Mab" in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman. See page 157.

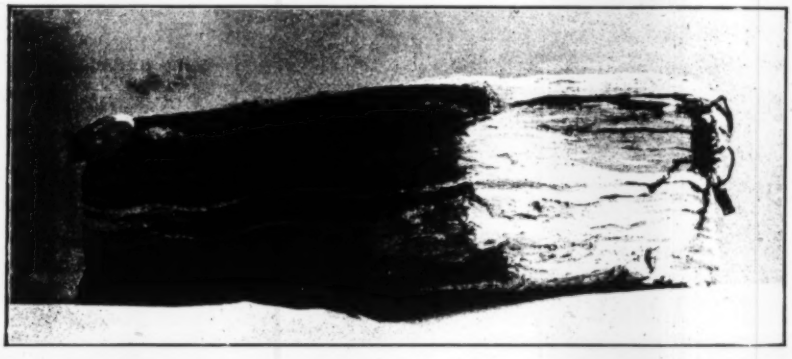


QUEEN MAB.

Stars! your balmiest influence shed!
Elements! your wrath suspend!
Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds
That circle thy domain!
Let not a breath be seen to stir
Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,
Let even the restless gossamer
Sleep on the motionless air!
Soul of Ianthe! thou
Judged alone worthy of the envied boon,
That waits the good and the sincere; that waits
Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,
The icy chains of custom, and have shone
The day-stars of their age;—Soul of Ianthe!

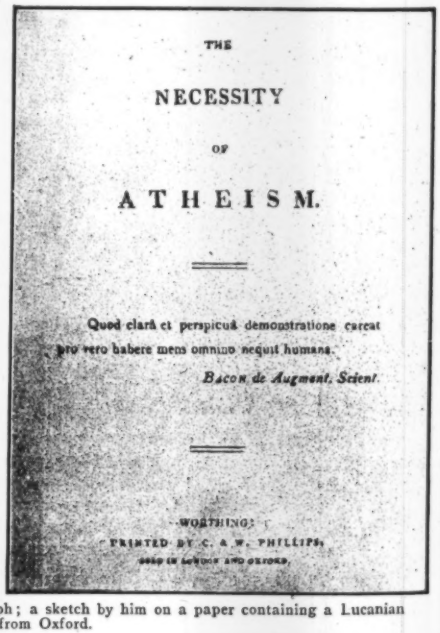
A Page from the copy of "Queen Mab" in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise. See page 157.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, *by kind permission of the Owners.*



PUBLII
OVIDII
NASONIS
METAMORPHOSEON
LIBRI XV.
Cum annotationibus posthumis
J. MINELLII,
[illegible] magna ex parte supplevit atque emendavit
P. RABUS.

AMSTELÆDAMI,
Apud JANSSONIO-WAESBERGIOS,
MDCCXXIX.
Cum Privilegio.



THE
NECESSITY
OF
ATHEISM.

Quod clarâ et perspicuâ demonstratione careat
pro vero habere mens omnino nequit humana.
Bacon de Augment. Scient.

WORTHING:
PRINTED BY C. & W. PHILLIPS,
SOLD IN LONDON AND OXFORD.

Four Shelley Relics.
Shelley's Sophocles, found in his pocket after death; title-page of his Ovid, showing autograph; a sketch by him on a paper containing a Lucanian Essay, and the tract on account of which he was expelled from Oxford.

A Miniature of Percy Bysshe Shelley.
From the copy by Reginald Easton, now in the Bodleian Library.

Percy Bysshe Shelley
From a Crayon Drawing in the Bodleian Library.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
From the Original Painting by Miss Curran in the National Portrait Gallery.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

ing like "Œdipus" or "Peter," if it were a rendering of some other poet's work in another tongue, as in the "Cyclops" or the "Mercury," or even if it were the earthly solace of a familiar letter to Hunt, or Hogg, or Peacock, to Mary Shelley or to Claire Clairmont, there would always be something to betray the secret of the region where for the most part his soul lived; and, in the lighter poetic compositions, something so racy of the accustomed atmosphere as to let it be known at a glance that here we are accompanying on a holiday trip a great master of the lyre.

It is because of this that those who know most about Shelley and his ways of work, who have, perchance, done somewhat to set the taste and awaken the curiosity which will, at much pains, know all it can about the great singers, are not at liberty to desist from the labour of research connected with textual recension while still they have health of mind and body to spend, and fields in which to labour. Fields there will be so long as any scrap of Shelley's unpublished writing of a later date than 1814 remains undiscovered—so long as a single not-forthcoming manuscript of any poem already published is known to have existed and not known to exist no longer; fields there will be, and labourers there will be; nor must they listen to the voice of the tyro, prate he never so seeming-sagely about the finality of Mr. So-and-so's "monumental edition," or

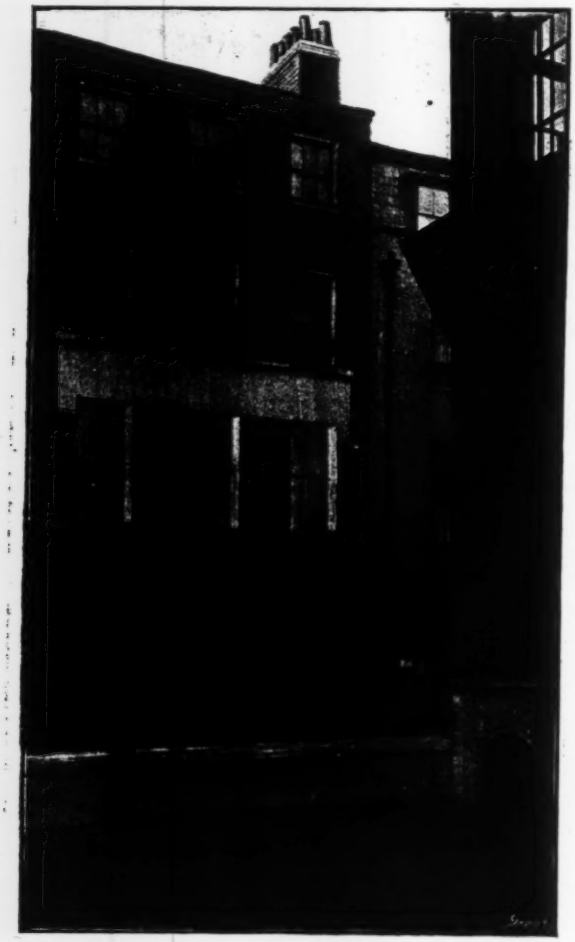
Lady Shelley, Wife of Shelley's Son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, with her adopted daughter.

the sufficiency of Mr. Such-an-one's emendations, or the superfluity of aught that can possibly remain to find. For just as the fields of textual criticism and research will continue to exist, so will the less fruitful and exacting fields in which the tyro, condemned for his sins to review what he does not understand, will talk lightly, as if he knew, about the thing that he knows not—doomed for former sins to commit yet another—

Ignoscenda, quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes!

Perchance the Manes who deal with that class of misdeed may be led to pardon, or even to forget; but misdoing of a kind there is in all attempts to check the devotion of labour (for the most part but lightly rewarded) to the cause of textual purification and illustrative commentary so far as it is derived from authentic documents. In the year 1905, the passing of which THE BOOKMAN celebrates by connecting with it the illustrious name of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the fruitful taste for sifting rubbish-heaps in the interests of the student and collector has brought forth to the light two lost treasures connected with the poetry of Shelley's maturity; and from these two treasures, if we listened to the voice of the charmer who mainly supplies the periodical Press with what is to stand for criticism, no results should be conveyed into the editions of Shelley pretending to care and accurate scholarship—because, forsooth, all has been done that can possibly be wanted! One of these treasures is the copy of "Queen Mab" into which the poet wrote fairly for the printer all that was needed to convert Cantos I. and II. of that poem into Part I. of "The Dæmon of the World." The other is the manuscript of the "Ode to Naples," written with care by Claire Clairmont, and revised with the utmost care by the poet himself. Both have textual and critical value which this is not the occasion for discussing; and both connect themselves with the thread of thought which it was the object of these paragraphs to illustrate.

It is true that we had already evidence of the rejec-



15, Poland Street.

Where Shelley and his friend and biographer, T. J. Hogg, stayed after leaving Oxford in 1811.

tion of the immature "Queen Mab" by the mature Shelley: it is true that we had long ago recovered from obscurity the copy of that poem in which Shelley's hand had not only laboured roughly at the revision of Cantos I. and II., but had also converted Cantos VIII. and IX. into Part II. of "The Dæmon" in so clear a manner as to leave no doubt about its publication. What was uncertain was the process by which Part I. had passed out of its more or less sketchy state, as shown in that copy, into the accurate recension printed with "Alastor" in 1815. And the second revised copy of "Queen Mab" resolves that uncertainty; so that we now have in two well-known libraries the two copies of the privately printed "Queen Mab" which, taken together, afford the actual tangible evidence of the poet's deliberate attempt to annul that work of his immaturity and preserve only so much as could be brought up to the standard of 1815, when he was twenty-three years of age.

Beatrice Cenci—the "Guido" Portrait.
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

This condemnation of "Queen Mab" is a delightfully suggestive, not to say instructive, episode in the life's work of our transcendent smiter of the lyre. See how magniloquently the youth had set forth on that perilous journey for an artist to travel! Fresh from the study of Lucretius and other less august writers against religion and the dogma of the immortal soul, he had flaunted on his very title-page that blazing banner of defiance which the great Roman master had waved when he penned the passage opening with such honeyed sweetness:

> Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
> Trita solo.

But let us take it in our own tongue, and taste, with the aid of the ever-to-be-remembered Munro, just what Shelley flaunted—for he quoted the passage incompletely: "I traverse," says our youthful iconoclast, "the pathless haunts of the Pierides never yet trodden by sole of man; I love to approach the untasted springs and to quaff: I love to cull fresh flowers . . . from spots whence the Muses have yet veiled the brows of none; first because I teach of great things and essay to release the mind from the fast bonds of religious scruples." *Audax juventa* as he unquestionably was, Shelley was too well bred to include in his motto the further Lucretian reason, "and next because on a dark subject I pen such lucid verses o'erlaying all with the Muses' charm." The same good breeding caused him to omit the line

> Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,

or, to complete Munro's prose rendering, "and gather for my head a distinguished crown." That crown he gathered in 1815, when he put forth "Alastor"; and to that he confirmed his title year after year till the deeps of the Gulf of Spezzia washed him down; for in volume after volume of "lucid verses" he overlaid "with the Muses' charm" many "a dark subject." Lucid enough, indeed, were the verses of "Queen Mab"; but by 1815 Shelley knew that he had been mistaken in insisting upon the novelty of his attempt to emancipate man by plucking "the mortal soul from out immortal Hell"; and, furthermore, the two painfully revised copies in which all but portions of four cantos are utterly rejected, and but little of those four cantos is left as it was printed in 1813, are indisputable evidence that he knew he had gone the wrong way about it.

It is permissible to speculate whether, in the notably early maturity of his critical judgment, he had discovered the secret of his own failure of 1813, and noted it for the very same secret which deprives of attractiveness so much of that great Roman fabric from which he had been instructing himself — that it is not sufficiently amusing — that, however lucid the verses, there are quite extensive regions in the "De Rerum Naturâ" wherein the charms of the Muses, except in metrical form, are conspicuous by their absence. "Queen Mab" approaches poetry independently of its metrical form by the curious cogency of its rhetoric. The unamusing parts of Lucretius's great work, infinitely superior to "Queen Mab" both in metrical quality and in reasoning, are less rhetorical; indeed, it is the very perfection of their reasoning which leaves them dependent solely upon their hexametrical form for differentiation from prose. And it is not very wild to assume that Shelley saw how the principle which con-

demned "Queen Mab" as poetry condemned a good deal of the "De Rerum Naturâ"—the principle that the arguments could have been delivered just as well in unrhythmic prose. Whence the wholesome thought—What has poetry to do with subtleties of argument on the nature of things? Much poetry of the highest kind may be written setting forth the nature of things, as witness many a wondrous passage of Lucretius; but that is when he is creative rather than argumentative.

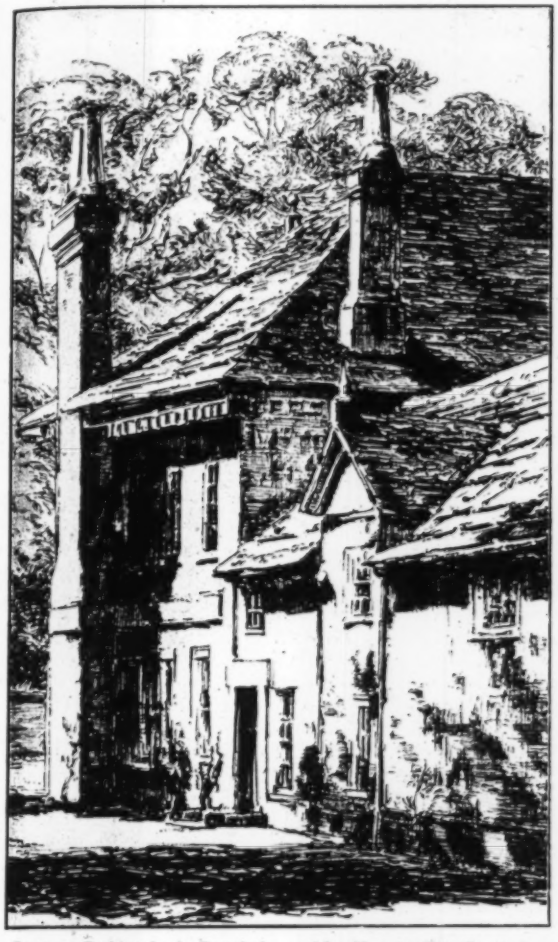
Whether some such train of thought went through Shelley's mind or not, certain it is that from 1815 onward he never more set verse to do the drudgery of argument on scientific facts, but passed his poetic life in distinct acts of creation. Had not some such awakening taken place in regard to the methods of Lucretius, we must have heard, between 1815 and 1822, of Shelley's thoughts concerning this greatest intellect of all the Roman poets—this man whose mind, judged on the side of intellectual power and capacity, towers high above even that of Virgil, of whose works it is true of well-nigh every line that it is "a joy for ever." So vast, indeed, is the intellectual capacity of Lucretius that one is tempted to apply to him his own words concerning his master, Epicurus:

> Nam si, ut ipsa petit majestas cognita rerum,
> Dicendum est, Deus ille fuit, Deus!

Never was poet quicker in what is called in Scotland the "uptake" than Shelley. Quickly he had apprehended that, if he would learn the hardiest and most courageous optimism in a Roman school and get his vision cleared and his nerves braced, he must sit at the feet of him who in those respects reigns in undisputed supremacy, even Lucretius; quickly he apprehended in the next place that, if he would learn how *not* to compound the details of a great poem on the origin and destiny of man, he could do no better than resort to the same great master; but not quite so rapidly did he learn who, of all human creatures, could teach him the most about the framing of human thought in poetic speech of ideal perfection, show him how to wield "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," and leave him with that example before him to learn what measures more suitable to his own tongue the modern poet should choose, and how he should school himself to wield them.

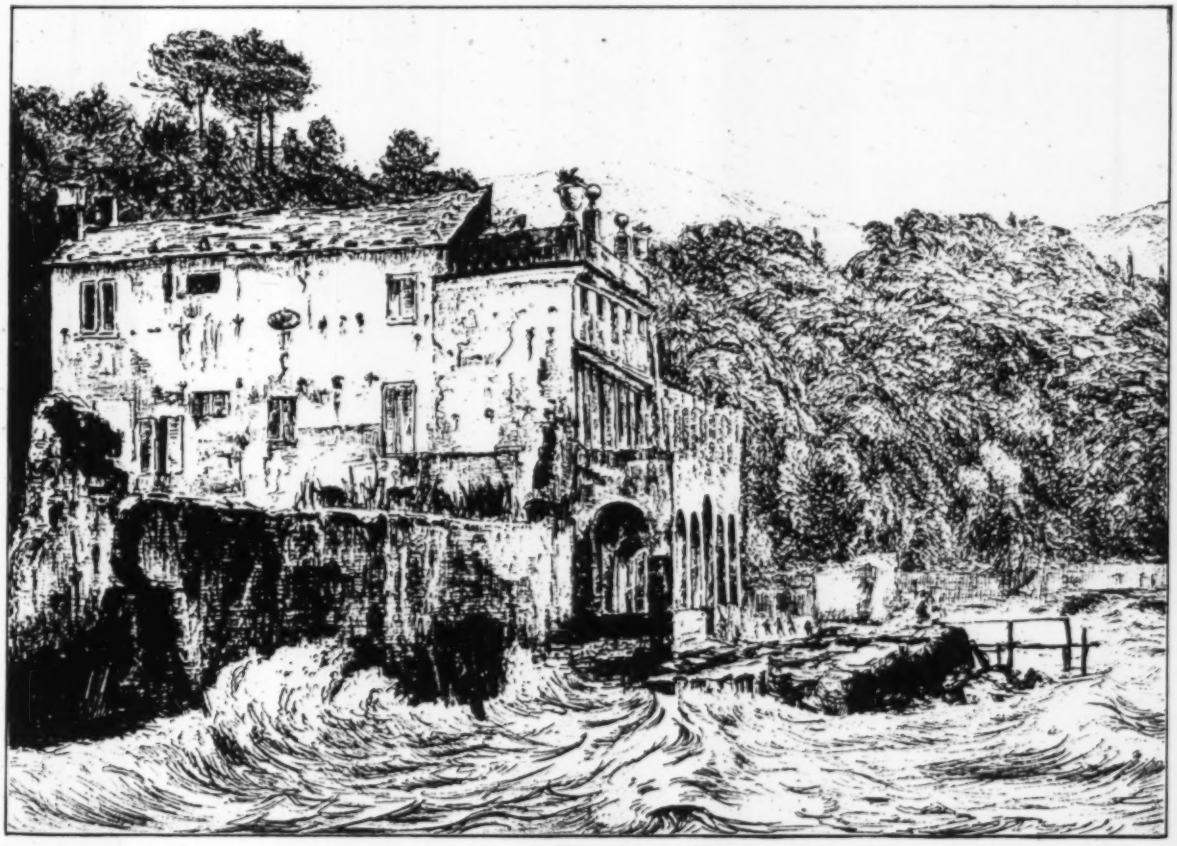
For in this very year 1815, the year of the great awakening, when, having learned how not to do certain things, he found that it was given to him to write the lovely sustained blank verse of "Alastor" in place of the unrhymed metre of "Queen Mab," we find him going lamentably astray about Virgil—not, we may well hazard the conviction, for long. In a letter of September 1815, telling Hogg how his mind is alive with literary plans, he says he has read the first four books of Lucan's "Pharsalia," a poem which commends itself to him as "of wonderful genius and transcending Virgil." He goes on to say—"Mary has finished the fifth book of the 'Æneid,' and her progress in Latin is such as to satisfy my best expectations." Is it lawful to assume that, when she had finished under his tutelage the sixth book, his attitude underwent a change? Perhaps he had not at twenty-three fully appreciated the difference between golden-age and silver-age Latin; perhaps the political boldness of Lucan ("by his death approved") had awakened a hankering after the flesh-pots of "Queen Mab" and induced him to compound "The Dæmon" from its *disjecta membra*; but we who can enjoy our noble young Lucan with phlegm, and not be carried away by his politics, must not insist too severely upon the great gulf that Apollo and the Muses have fixed between his poetry and Virgil's. Whether it was the supremely momentous 6th "Æneid" as Shelley went over it with Mary, or whether he took her through the 4th Eclogue to show her how the dear idea of the returning golden age could be woven into verse combining the springtide freshness of youth with the exaltation of the seer, or whether he led her through the magic fields of the "Georgics," and learnt with her how a didactic poem could seem to deal but with the many aspects of husbandry and yet be one web of absolute poetry from "Quid faciat lætas segetes" down to "sub tegmine fagi," we may not know and need not ask. But this we know, that in all the great works composed by Shelley from that time forth, the methods of the artist Virgil, "majestic in his sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind," counted for vastly more than the methods of the clarion-throated Lucan, who met his death at the hands of an offended tyrant, and met it declaiming some of his own poetry.

Let these paragraphs close with a crumb of evidence on this subject gathered from our other recovered treasure of 1905—evidence that is very acceptable since it illustrates the growth and moulding of Shelley's soul. Five years after he had let loose upon Hogg his opinion that Lucan in his "Pharsalia" transcended Virgil, he was roused, by political events of the moment in Italy, to write his "Ode to Naples," wherein he sang of "the unknown graves of the dead Kings of Melody." Not printed till after his death, the ode was edited by his widow; it had several foot-notes, unsigned; and the note to "the dead Kings of Melody" was "Homer and Virgil." Nearly thirty years ago an editor of Shelley, who shall be nameless, having thought it proper to mark Shelley's foot-notes in all cases with the poet's name and so distinguish them from the editorial comment, had some misgiving in the application of this method to the particular note in point—for no external evidence was forthcoming to show that the note was not Mary's. But, having no doubt that Shelley himself meant "the dead Kings of Melody" to be specified, that editor marked the tiny note as Shelley's. True, it has never been disputed; and yet it is a satisfaction to the "overweening rogue" to read, at the foot of Claire's manuscript revised by Shelley, the names of Homer and Virgil set down in the poet's own writing; though it must be admitted that, even without that holograph declaration, it would be quite clear that, whatever the author of "Queen Mab" might do in 1815, the author of the "Ode to Naples" in 1820 would not have bracketed Homer and Lucan, even if the context here had not pointed unmistakably to Homer and Virgil. For he had learnt the great lesson which no nineteenth century artist taught better by his life,—that, whatever



From an Etching by A. Evershed. **Shelley's Birthplace**

Shelley's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.



The Casa Magni, San Terenzo, Shelley's last home.

be the spiritual preoccupations, or the polemical attitude of the work-a-day mind—even if a man be truly, as Shelley was, "as a nerve o'er which do creep the else-unfelt oppressions of this earth," he must, as an artist, be

> "Moved by one thing only,
> Vast desire to scale Parnassus' lonely
> Steeps and know perchance the solemn rapture,
> Even those same heights to mount and capture,
> Where no track of earlier wheels one findeth,
> Neither is there any slope that windeth
> Gently down to the Castalian Fountain."

That rapture, before his body had passed from life and been resolved into its elements, Shelley had known in the composition of the fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound," in "Epipsychidion," and in many a briefer strain that dwells in our minds, not merely as a priceless thing, but also as a thing new to literature.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small account to that."—CARLYLE.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

"O RICHARDSON, Richardson—man unique in my eyes, you shall be my reading at all times." So wrote Diderot in his fervent eulogy of the Father of the English Novel, and he proceeded to bracket him with Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles. And Richardson was not without honour in his own country. With the possible exception of Fanny Burney's "Evelina," no novel of the eighteenth century was received with such a fanfare of trumpets. Many writers of to-day would have us believe that we are now touching the low-water mark of literary morality. They speak of "puffing" and "log-rolling" and specious advertisement as if they were inventions of the last half-century. But we cannot even claim that inglorious originality. The eighteenth-century men had nothing to learn, as students of Defoe and Pope soon come to know. In his own quiet way the Father of the English Novel displayed as much skill in this respect as any of his descendants. His prefaces are not text-books of modesty. He even anticipated modern methods by including in them fulsome letters of eulogy, of some of which it is suspected he is the author. Richardson knew the importance of a preface. He was himself a publisher and a printer.

From a Drawing by Laurence Housman.

"Tended the garden from morn to even."

(Reproduced from "The Sensitive Plant," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

That Richardson is not read now is not denied by any enthusiast. Every year brings its accession of readers to Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith. But in our public libraries it brings only the accession of a layer of dust on the nineteen volumes which contain the three novels of the Father of English Fiction. There is hardly an out-of-the-way volume that has not in recent years had greatness thrust upon it in the form of reprint. But you cannot make a "pocket classic" of Richardson. India paper and the Brahma press are powerless before these nineteen volumes. Pious attempts have again and again been made to abridge him. But he will not be abridged. Like Herodotus, the Father of History, he had a genius for prolixity. But if you prune leaves from either, you are left with only a sapless trunk. An age fed on tabloids and tit-bits is necessarily impatient of three novels in nineteen volumes, and there is no likelihood that Richardson will ever be more than a name to nine-tenths of the readers of English fiction. Yet, quite apart from his historical position in literature, no competent critic has questioned Richardson's masterly insight and analytical power. The reason for this apparent discrepancy between critical and popular opinion and between contemporary and posthumous renown is not hard to seek. With his wonted sagacity Johnson explained it. "Why, sir," he said to Erskine, who complained of the tediousness of "Clarissa," "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." To borrow Richardson from Mudie's is quite a vain procedure. You must buy him in the old sheepskin editions, and approach him with due leisure and patience. Such fathers as Herodotus and Richardson are slow and deliberate of speech. If you are not willing to wait their time, leave them alone and "skim" the latest society novel. But not to know "Clarissa Harlowe" is to argue oneself ignorant of an acknowledged masterpiece of English fiction. On this point at least critical opinion is unanimous everywhere. In Richardson's prolixity there was not only method but genius. "Though the drip-drip of that interminable correspondence," said that brilliant critic, Mr. H. D. Traill, "is to some men soporific, to others maddening and tedious, it must be admitted, when the drops have at last ceased to fall, that they have channelled sharp and deep impressions on the tablet of the mind."

It is a comforting thought to the present-day men of Fleet Street that the history of Samuel Richardson, the Fleet Street printer, lends no support to Professor Osler. For Richardson had turned his fiftieth year before the publication of "Pamela." The son of a Derbyshire carpenter, Richardson at an early age gave a taste of his qualities. He was the chosen amanuensis of "all the young women of taste and reading in the neighbourhood." In short, as Mr. Jingle said, he wrote their love letters for them, thus gaining a

Adonais.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves. —"Adonais."

(Reproduced from the Endymion Series Edition of Shelley's Poems, by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

curious insight into "the female heart." Before he was eleven he distinguished himself by writing a letter of remonstrance to a certain backbiting widow. In fact, Samuel was a prig of the first order, and the boy was father of the man. His father migrated to London, and there is an uncertain rumour that he was educated at Christ's Hospital. Leigh Hunt believed this. But the Hospital records and Samuel's lack of erudition are against the theory. His parents wished him to be a clergyman, but the state of the family finances led to his being bound an apprentice to a printer. In every respect he resembled Hogarth's Industrious Apprentice. He was a very good boy. He never bought chap-books from the hawkers on Ludgate Hill. He served his master faithfully. He married his master's daughter. By strict application to business he became a successful master-printer and numbered Mr. Speaker Onslow as a friend. He married twice, and had an alarmingly large family, most of whom predeceased him. He drew his own portrait many times, and Joseph Highmore painted it as often for the benefit of posterity. He is one of the great English authors regarding whose personality we have no curiosity. He was a plain man of business, a "complete English tradesman," prosperous and industrious, but shy and commonplace. It was to his commercial friends in Paternoster Row that he owed the inspiration that led to his immortality. They asked him to write a "Complete Letter Book." This Richardson undertook, and from this humble beginning arose the English Novel.

In 1740 was published "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded. In a Series of Familiar Letters from a Beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents. Published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of Both Sexes." In the "Complete Letter Writer" already referred to, which was written before, though published after, "Pamela," the foundation of the novel is readily discernible. Ingenious attempts have been made to show Richardson's obligation to Marivaux and other French writers. But Richardson could not read French, and the story of Pamela had been told to him by a friend of his apprentice days. There is no ground for disputing the originality of the form or the matter of the narrative. There is, however, considerable ground for disputing its efficacy to cultivate the minds of youth. Pamela's virtue is excelled by her shrewdness. Richardson makes matrimony effect too great a miracle. From a rake Mr. B. suddenly blossoms into a hero and a plaster saint; the persecuted Pamela becomes the model happy wife. That parody should soon have been busy with the book was inevitable. For "The Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews" Fielding has been held responsible by some. But he emerged into the open with his first great novel, "Joseph Andrews," where the dubious morality of "Pamela" was in a few chapters wittily travestied. Richardson and his friends professed horror and indignation at the young Templar's audacious frivolity. But most critics admit the justness of the feelings that prompted the satire. Even in his own day, Richardson found a sarcastic critic in Dr. Isaac Watts. But in spite of detraction and parody, the success of "Pamela" was unprecedented. It had achieved something quite new in English literature—the analytical novel—and its popularity in France exceeded and outlived its fame at home.

In 1747-48, when Richardson was close on sixty and a confirmed valetudinarian, appeared his masterpiece, "Clarissa," in seven volumes. It is by this novel that Richardson takes his place among the great writers for all time. No more than "Pamela" can the book be read merely for its story. Richardson had advanced enormously in his art, but he was still quite unskilled in economy of words and still destitute of any trace of humour. The faults of the book are patent. The novelist essays to paint people whom he had never seen, and his pictures of "high life" are as accurate as the description of ducal life in a penny novelette. But if he failed in outward details, he unbared the human heart with a skill unprecedented and never surpassed. "Clarissa" is one of the great tragedies of literature. Unmoved by the protests of his readers to give the book a happy ending—it is interesting to note that his old parodist, Fielding, joined in this excusable but uncritical clamour—Richardson allowed his drama slowly to evolve towards its moving and inevitable culmination. The novel is marred by the obvious fact that its villain, Lovelace, is allowed a free hand in his crime. Richardson ignores the majesty of the law. But to object to the novel on this ground is as little to the purpose as to pick holes in the geography of "The Tempest." In "Clarissa Harlowe" we have a portrait of a woman that for finish and subtlety of drawing has never been excelled. A distinguished woman critic has appraised "Clarissa" in words that are worthy to rank as the most eloquent expression of the universal critical judgment. "No Greek, no Italian, no English poet," says Mrs. Oliphant, "has painted such a figure in the great picture-gallery which is common to the world. Neither ancient nor modern woman has ever stood before us thus, pale and splendid in the shame which is not hers. . . . Not Desdemona, not Imogen, is of herself a more tender creation. They are so much the more fortunate that it is immortal verse that clothes them. Clarissa, for her part, has but a garrulous and pottering expositor, but in her own person she is divine."

In the last sentence we see the fallacy incident to feminine logic. It was the garrulous and pottering expositor who created Clarissa. But the statement is a natural enough expression of the wonder we all feel that it should have been given to a vain, hypochondriacal London printer so to explore the inmost recesses of a woman's heart. Genius bloweth where it listeth, and the student of literary biography is constantly confronted with miracles as great as any that natural science can produce.

In his last novel, "Sir Charles Grandison," Richardson showed an increasing mastery of his tools. In respect of form it is his best, but the product is almost negligible. It is the least readable of the three novels. Badgered by his feminine admirers to paint a perfect man as an off-set to Tom Jones, Richardson, in the cause of virtue, created Sir Charles Grandison. For this hero M. Taine suggested a

The Monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley, Christchurch, Hants.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

From a Reminiscent Bust by Mrs. Leigh Hunt in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

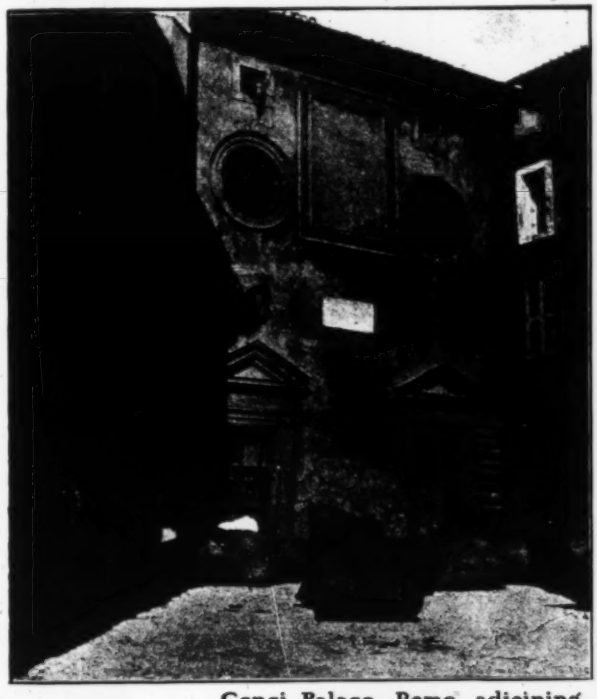
From a Medallion in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

The Shelley Memorial, by Onslow Ford, R.A., in University College, Oxford.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

Villa Valsovano, near Monte Nero, outside Leghorn.
In the glazed tower Shelley wrote the "Cenci."

The Cascine, or public park of Florence.
Here, late in 1819, Shelley conceived and in great part wrote the "Ode to the West Wind."



Cenci Palace, Rome, adjoining the now destroyed Ghetto.
The view shows the courtyard and chapel.

Convent of St. Anna, Pisa.
Where Emilia Viviani was confined for some two years. Here Shelley and his wife frequently visited her.

Baths of San Giuliano, about four miles north of Pisa.
Here Shelley wrote the "Witch of Atlas," the "Ode to Naples," "Swellfoot the Tyrant," in 1820, and the "Adonais" in 1821.

Shelley's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery, Rome
Trelawney selected the lines from the "Tempest"—Shelley's friends called him "Ariel"; Leigh Hunt chose the words "Cor Cordium."

From Photographs by Prof. W. Hall Griffin.

reward with which most readers will agree—that he should be canonised and stuffed. Fielding was at death's door when his elderly rival published his third romance, else the literature of burlesque might have gained an imperishable asset.

The biography of Richardson is a prosaic enough document. The virtuous history of Frank Goodchild is necessarily less exciting than that of Tom Idle. He was essentially a "great and good man," an honest tradesman, vain, dapper, demure, and incidentally a man of genius. Fielding's witty assaults he bore with the serenity produced by a want of humour and an increasing bank account. But when Fielding became a successful rival, Richardson held up his hands in the name of outraged morality. To vary the famous phrase of Tacitus, he was happy in the time in which he lived. It was given to him to found a new school in English literature. Johnson was his friend, and, according to legend, Goldsmith was at one time in his employment. These advantages would alone have perpetuated the name of Samuel Richardson without the imperishable monument which he reared to himself in "Clarissa Harlowe." His novels Johnson consistently praised, as consistently as he abused that "barren rascal," Henry Fielding. But Johnson, it is clear, had a shrewd estimate of his benefactor, who, when he borrowed "five pounds eighteen shillings," sent him six guineas to relieve him from the bailiffs. Mrs. Piozzi reported Johnson's opinion and doubtless added a few mixed metaphors by the way. But it is substantially just. "Richardson could not be contented to sail down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar. He died merely for want of change among his flatterers; he perished for want of more, like a man obliged to breathe the same air till it is exhausted."

RANGER.

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the January number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of an imaginary Cabinet (numbering not more than sixteen), the different offices to be filled by characters from English plays and novels. No serious nomination will be considered.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best answer to the following question:—What characters in English fiction do you consider the most successful attempts to portray:—

(1) An English squire.
(2) A family doctor.
(3) A canting clergyman.
(4) An ideal clergyman.
(5) A successful man-of-the-world.
(6) An undergraduate.
(7) A nagging woman.
(8) A struggling author.
(9) A pedant.
(10) An adventurer.
(11) An adventuress.
(12) The ideal woman.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by H. L. SMITH, 7, Larch Avenue, S.E.

MADAME, WILL YOU WALK? By BETH ELLIS.
"I am yours for the walk."—*Much Ado*, II., 1, 92.

The following are some other quotations suggested:—

A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA. By J. FOX, Junr.
"Fox would beguile thee."
(H. C. R., 4, Merton Road, Brighton.)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRIK IBSEN. By WILLIAM ARCHER.
"Well-experienced Archer hits the mark."—*Pericles* I., 1, 164.
(A. N. FOSTER, Sunderland.)

THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII. By MARTIN HUME.
"Hanging and wiving goes by destiny."—*Mer. of Venice*, II., 9.
(A. F. EVANS, 13, Milton Street, S.W.)

WHEN IT WAS DARK. By GUY THORNE.
"I should think this is a Gull."—*Much Ado*, II., 3, 123.
(E. AUSTIN, 4, Esplin Terrace, Birmingham.)

THE DAY-BOOK OF CLAUDIUS CLEAR.
"Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius!"—*Jul. Cæsar*, IV., 3, 250.
(A. C. ROBERTSON, 18, Montpelier Road, S.W.)

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP. By ALFRED NOYES.
"What Noyes is this?"—*Macbeth*, IV., 1, 106.
('A. R.,' Fitzroy House, Belfast.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA offered for the best list of twenty "Classics for Children" has been gained by Mr. H. BOCLER, 19, Azalea Terrace South, Sunderland.

The winning competitor mentioned fifteen out of the list of twenty books which received the greatest number of votes from our readers.

This competition proved very popular, and the lists submitted furnish interesting results. Strangely enough, no book appears in both the lists. According to the votes of our readers the following is the order of the ten most popular "Children's Classics."

Boys.	*Girls.*
Robinson Crusoe	Alice in Wonderland
Tom Brown's Schooldays	Water Babies
Treasure Island	Little Women
Westward Ho!	Hans Andersen
Gulliver's Travels	The Wide, Wide World
Swiss Family Robinson	Little Lord Fauntleroy
Ivanhoe	Uncle Tom's Cabin
Arabian Nights	Pilgrim's Progress
Oliver Twist	Through the Looking Glass
Kingsley's "Heroes."	Grimm's Fairy Tales

Other competitors who made good selections were Miss G. H. GIBSON THOMSON, 17, South Street, St. Andrews; Mr. R. ROBERTSON, Huntly House, Dollar; Mr. FRANK COSSLEY, Fairfield, Bramhall, Cheshire; Miss C. A. BRASH, The Mount, Darlington; E. RATCLIFFE, 3, Jenner Road, Stoke Newington; Miss F. M. M. COMPER, St. Margaret's Brae, Aberdeen.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for the correct solution of the third problem in the December issue has been awarded to Mr. H. A. JOHNSON, 1, Barston Road, S.E.

The works to which the dedications belong are as follows (in the order given):—The *Spectator*, Lamb's "Rosamund Gray," "Evelina," "Pendennis," *The Golden Treasury*, "The Traveller."

IV.—A PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss E. M. INGLIS, 24, Greenhill Road, Harlesden, N.W., and F. E. PERKINS, 3645, Laclide Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., whose suggestions appear as the second and third competitions in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Photo Mrs. Aubrey, Horsham.

Field Place, Horsham, where Shelley was born.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

University College, Oxford, as it appeared in Shelley's time.

Photo Walmsley Bros.

Shelley's Cottage at Keswick, 1811-12.

Shelley's Cottage, Bishopgate, Windsor Forest.

Where "Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude" was written, 1815.

ART.

As earth, sad earth, thrusts many a gloomy cape
  Into the sea's bright colour and living glee,
  So do we strive to embay that mystery
Which earthly hands must ever let escape:
The Word we seek for is the golden shape
  That shall express the Soul we cannot see,
  A temporal chalice of Eternity,
Purple with beating blood o' the hallowed grape.

Once was it wine and sacramental bread
  Whereby we knew the Power that through Him smiled
    When in one still small utterance He hurled
The eternities beneath His feet, who said
  With lips, oh meek as any little child,
    Be of good cheer! I have overcome the World.

ALFRED NOYES.

LIBERAL LEADERS IN LITERATURE.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE partiality of party has perverted many judgments in literature. There are still plenty of Whigs who cannot bring themselves to sit at the banquet of *Coningsby*, of Tories who cannot read their Macaulay in peace and patience, of Anglo-Catholics who cannot let an opportunity slip of reviling Cranmer or girding at J. A. Froude. It is perhaps for this reason that the Editor of THE BOOKMAN has selected to write this article one whose political opinions, like those of Lord Waldershare, do not extend much beyond the Treaty of Utrecht. To this you will perhaps retort with Charles Lamb, "None of your cursed, philosophical, Humeian indifference"; but it is not necessarily indifference, it may be the anxiety of the cautious philanthropist in Douglas Jerrold, who could never bring himself to give to any one hospital because he feared that such an act might be construed as a slight or even an implication of distrust in regard to a number of similar and presumably equally deserving institutions. So it is with me. I sometimes feel a strong impulse to vote for John Burns, a politician for whom I have a sincere respect; but when I reflect upon the pain which such a proceeding would give to the excellent Chamberlain, the most serious mind in British politics, I shrink from the rash act with horror. From plumping for Chamberlain I am preserved by the thought of Lord Hugh Cecil, whom I "spotted" as future Prime Minister of England the first time I heard him speak in the Oxford Union. The wit of the Cecils, we know, was ever wont to be transmitted in conformity with the old custom of Borough-English. There seems to me indeed no resting-place in the polls for an acutely sensitive politician. Yet absolute non-intervention is almost an impossibility in politics. There is a mass of disembodied political opinion floating about at election times, and the very tone of voice in which you mention a politician's name is calculated to give it a slant in one direction or another. Without going to the polls one may easily do something to influence opinion, and it is opinion, the opinion of the well-to-do, that supplies the motive power at the present day. The function of Parliament is chiefly that of a filter and dilatory register of such opinion, and secondarily that of a nursery of Ministers. Guarded on every side by public opinion, by prescription, by vested interests, alert vigilance leagues, and checks and balances of every kind, the area of governmental activity is restricted to a narrower and narrower knife-edge. It is the opposition that changes; while of majority and minority alike, two-thirds are drawn from the same wealthy, predominant, and directing Eton and Harrow class. A "free hand" is the merest phrase, even when the largest majority known to modern times is in question; how else, except upon the most injurious suppositions, are we to explain the complete failure of the late Ministry to accomplish the *unum necessarium* by putting our military affairs upon a permanent and secure basis? Meanwhile, a progressive proportion of Parliamentary time and oratorical power is wasted upon abusing and discovering real and imaginary dissensions among the "other fellows." A year ago it was a commonplace among the Conservatives that the Radicals *could not possibly* form an administration. Now, in spite of the total lack by the Liberals of a commanding figure-head, a magnetic personality, or a thrilling voice, the Tory Government has been manœuvred off the board; popular opinion is almost unanimous in the opinion that they were thoroughly stale and wanted a rest badly, and the Liberals have formed a comprehensive yet fairly homogeneous

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Lord Burghclere.**

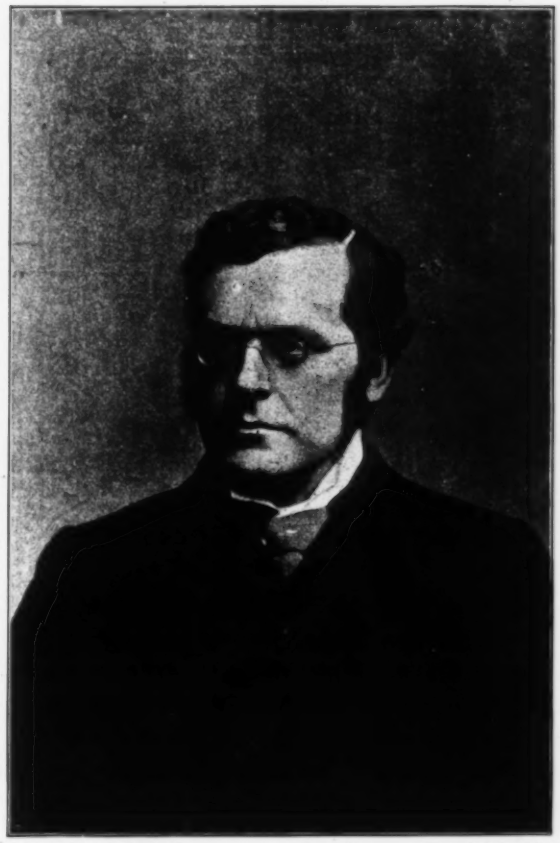


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Augustine Birrell.**

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Lord Rosebery.**

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. R. B. Haldane.**

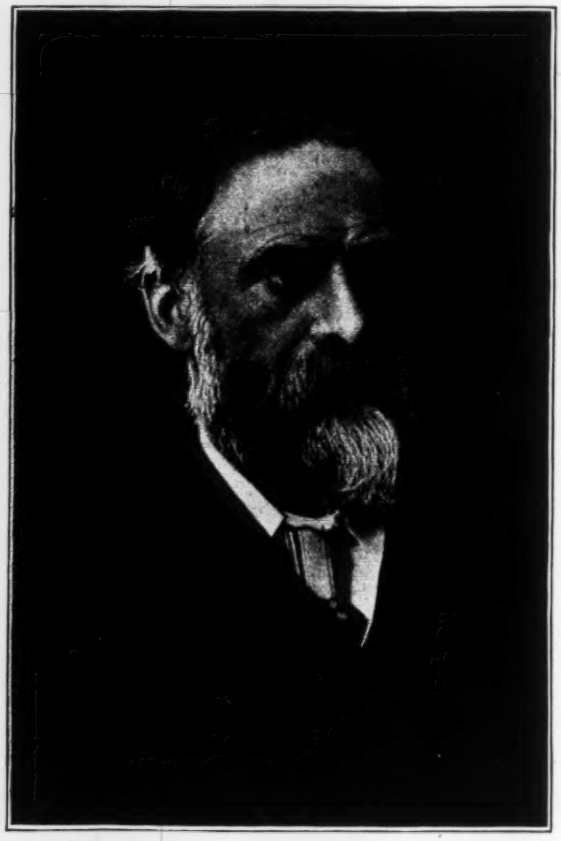


Photo J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. James Bryce.**

Ministry, conspicuous for ability—at any rate on paper—and including, beyond question, more literary talent than Downing Street has seen for many years past.

If literature were the deciding factor, I suppose that Mr. Morley would be the Premier in the present Cabinet. Mr. Morley is not by any means a man of letters among politicians, or a politician who has written able books. He is one of the few men who have risen to inner Cabinet rank by the main force of his pen. Now, the wicket between journalism and political office, as is well known, has long been guarded by a terrible dragon, the breath of whose nostrils is the three damning syllables forming the word *doctrinaire*. Mr. Morley has fought and overcome that dragon, an achievement worthy of St. George himself, for this dragon is one of the most formidable monsters of the unwritten Constitution. The doctrine of the *doctrinaire* has been brilliantly expounded by Mr. Beattie Crozier in his mordant little snake-in-the-grass of a book entitled "Lord Randolph Churchill: A Study in English Democracy [of 1887]." As long as Parliament and legislation is ruled by words, winged and otherwise, given a fair field and a reasonable amount of courage and staying power, it is obvious that in the natural course of competition the skilled literary fencer must necessarily come to the front. If this dangerous and naked secret got about, its natural tendency would be to cause a mutiny in Grub Street. Every out-at-elbow scribbler would feel his proper place to be upon the front bench. To avert this dire calamity and safeguard the divine right of funded wealth, which, since the Great Reform Bill (one might almost say since the glorious Revolution) has always governed this great country alternately with and without the support of the non-compressible conscience, the following ingenious constitutional device was framed. The literary epigrammatists, the "happy phrase" coiners, the insolent flouters and sardonic sneerers *inside* the sacred ring of office, were henceforth to be dignified with the name of statesmen; *outside* the ring a sharp distinction was to be made by which the whole tribe of publicists, litterateurs, thinkers, political historians, journalists, and other "viewy, literary theorists" were to be denominated exclusively *doctrinaires*. Spread abroad by the most influential organs of opinion, the distinction soon became elevated into an article of political faith, and one of the palladia of our political understandings; while the manufacturers, merchants, shopkeepers, financiers, and stockbrokers—in a word, all the moneyed classes in the kingdom—who had been nurtured in aristocratic traditions of government, accepted the differentiation with delight as another proof of the beneficent order of the universe. Now, Mr. Morley, through a long section of his political career, has been visible to the world in the nervous attitude of an athlete struggling with this preposterous python, and his victory should be recognised by all true men as a signal triumph for letters.

A born editor, publicist, and master of literary fence, Mr. Morley is one of the most highly organised and technically admirable of English writers, and he is one of the few essayists of whose prose it can be said that it can be placed, without serious injury, in juxtaposition with that of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Morley's works are so well known, and have now such a Cabinet aureole around them, that it is quite superfluous here to describe their virtues. To him, as we all know, the *Fortnightly*, in large measure, owes its position as the foremost exponent of foreign thought and foreign policy in this country; and, since the relaxation of his control, one has realised what a skilful rein he used in controlling the destinies of "English Men of Letters." To this he himself contributed a notable study of Burke. Both this, however, and also his sympathetic study of Walpole (in "Twelve English Statesmen"), were to a certain extent flawed in our humble opinion by a certain enlightened-Parliamentary-Whig twist. Walpole, I believe, was as much an absolutist as Clarendon, and at any rate much more than a party chief however great. His achievement was to substitute government by Prime Minister for government by King; and although the copy-books tell us that we are governed by Parliament (or a committee of Parliament), it is pretty clear to-day that England is either governed by its Prime Minister, the representative and discharger of loaded opinion, or not governed at all. Walpole started this new kind of monarchy as surely as Canute started the old. Of Mr. Morley's "Cromwell" and "Gladstone," it is enough to say that they were such successes as books written by a Cabinet minister of Mr. Morley's ability and writing power on such themes as Cromwell and Gladstone could not fail to be. And in the case of Gladstone the writer showed a most plentiful discretion as to what to leave in the inkpot. His "Compromise" is an admirable piece of dialectic

aimed in protest against the reprehensible practice of holding two opinions diametrically opposed to one another at the same time, but not, it is surmised, the work of a Newman, a Pascal, or even a John Stuart Mill. His "Rousseau" indicates, to our thinking, certain defects of humour and imagination; but there remain his best and liveliest substantive books, his "Voltaire" and the still better "Diderot." The combination here afforded of literary criticism, the exposition of the plan and scope of the great *encyclopédie* and the estimate of intellectual forces in 18th century France, represent Mr. Morley at his finest. His fancy is never so nimble as in some of the delightful characterisations here given (see especially his entire account of the illustrations to the *Encyclopédie*).

We have left to the last the books of Mr. Morley that we most treasure: his "Miscellanies." Collected from the *Fortnightly*, and representing him as the most talented and diversified review writer of his time, so much brilliant writing is packed away in the three volumes (according to the recension of 1886, to which must be added the "Studies" of 1891), that we do not think we do a better service to our readers than by indicating the extent of these riches. The "Studies" include his introduction to Wordsworth, the separately issued "Aphorisms," the essays on French Models, Sir Henry Maine, Victor Hugo, and Browning's "Ring and the Book." In a final essay on Macvey Napier, Mr. Morley writes with an unusual combination of sprightliness and feeling upon the difficulty of managing the little vanities of mankind. *Ah que de choses dans un minuet!* He recollects his own editorial experiences. He compares the anxieties of an editor of the *Edinburgh*, who fears that the rival house is trying to suborn his stars and is convinced that the favourite pyrotechnist will not come up to time, to the grief of the manager of an opera-house—a position supposed to tax human powers more urgently than any position save that of a general in the very heat of battle. Among the contents of the three uniform volumes of "Miscellanies," particularly notable are the essays on Robespierre, Carlyle, Byron, Macaulay, Emerson (in vol. i.), Vauvenargues, Turgot, and Condorcet (in vol. ii.), and Mill, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, France in the 18th Century, and Comte (vol. iii.).

Mr. Morley has a special claim upon the readers of this periodical as one of the foremost sponsors of the neologistic substantive which serves as pennant to these pages. He uses it once to suggest a very delicate compliment to the master of his old college of Lincoln, at Oxford. Of Mark Pattison he says: "he was essentially a bookman." And he qualifies the term in this admirable fashion: "a bookman of that high type, which explores through books the voyages of human reason, the shifting impulses of the human heart, the chequered fortunes of great human conceptions"—words which should be engraved deeply upon the minds of all our readers. He uses it elsewhere, it is true, in a more equivocal way when he calls Robespierre "the bookman of his party." It is not very pleasant for the gentle reader of this blameless sheet to be brought up in this way, cheek by jowl, with one

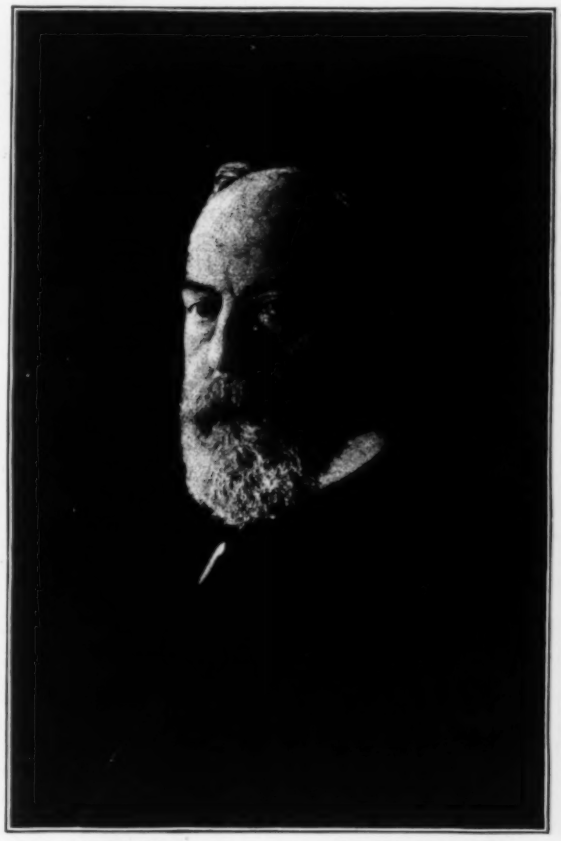


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Sir Charles Dilke.**

of the most terrible products of humanity, a timid fanatic, caught in the trap of Destiny as it were, and made for fifteen feverish months the arbiter of life and death over twenty million souls. Nothing could justify such a juxtaposition save the strange fact that it is true—a warning to good and a menace to bad bookmen for all time. Directly or indirectly, nearly everything that Mr. Morley has written, has been aimed at enlightening the political understanding, and sobering the political judgment of his fellow countrymen, and nowhere, perhaps, has he been so completely successful, because nowhere else so vital and spontaneous, as in these four volumes of essays, our only regret in connection with which is that they cannot be had in a slightly less expensive form.

If Mr. Morley's most characteristic work may be summed up as representing the output of the review writer and essayist par excellence of our time, that of Mr. Bryce may be classified even more conclusively as that of the very best type of Oxford Don—a Don, be it understood, of the most delightful manners, the least "stand-offish" Cabinet Minister of his century, with a mind greatly enlarged by politics, enriched by extensive travel, and garnished with an almost unrivalled store of agreeable personal reminiscences. His literary work divides itself naturally into three categories: the extended prize essay, the extended vacation tour study, and the enlarged common-room memoir of academic appreciation. His first contribution to literature was a characteristic description of the Great Plague of London, in prose politely termed Thucydidean, which won the Gaisford, and was published by Shrimpton in

1860. This was followed by his famous Lothian Essay on "The Holy Roman Empire," a contribution to history indispensable to our comprehension of the Mediæval Constitution, and one of the few English books on European History habitually quoted by foreign scholars. This made Mr. Bryce's fortune in the great world as decisively as "The Campaign" made Addison's, or the essay on Milton Macaulay's. Quite recently we have been reminded that Mr. Bryce was one of the originators of the *English Historical Review*.

From this eminently successful prize essay Mr. Bryce turned to materials collected in a succession of vacation rambles across the Atlantic; from the architecture of the Holy Roman Empire he turned to the architecture of the American Constitution; from the historical continuity of an institution unaccountably neglected by historians he turned to a subject which was and is a subject of primary importance to Englishmen. From such materials he produced a book such as only an historical scholar, a thoughtful traveller (no "car-window sociologist"), and a serious political student could have written, and one which will be deemed worthy to rank with the historical constructions of de Toçqueville, Stubbs, Taine, Wallace, and Maine. After the hostile criticism which had been lavished on them from the time of Marryat, and Hall, and Trollope, down to that of Charles Dickens, the Americans at length found a critic after their own heart. The picture is painted, if anything, in colours a little too brilliant, and the reader of the present day may well think that in what the reluctant censor says about municipal corruption, political jobbery, or the monotony of American life, the author has not quite sufficiently qualified the prevailing brightness; he may further be dissatisfied with the limited definition given to the function of History, which is identical with that of Professor Gardiner, to the effect that the most that history can do is to prevent us from making false analogies; he may think that Mr. Bryce has minimised the menace of the industrial superman, or the tendency in America to develop a home-duty-shunning type of woman; or that he has left in undue obscurity the peonage and other grievous economic abuses which have followed in the wake of slavery in the south. What cannot be denied is that he has written a book rich in historical distinctions and in political maxims, a book of high seriousness and impartiality in its general tone, and one which more than any single effort perhaps has contributed to a better understanding between two great peoples. South America is, we believe, the only continent untravelled by Mr. Bryce, and of Asia and Africa he has given interesting reminiscences in his vacation tour. of 1876 (dedicated to Dean Stanley) of "Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," in which, *inter alia*, he makes an eloquent defence of the Cossack—whom Mr. Bryce describes as the gentlest creature he had ever seen in army uniform—and the still familiar "Impressions of South Africa" (1897). Among his delightful "Studies in Contemporary Biography," including Disraeli, Stanley, Trollope, Gladstone, and Lord Acton, the first place will probably be accorded to those sketches of Oxford historians such as Green and Freeman, whom he knew so familiarly and anecdotally, and with whom he had so much in common.

Mr. Birrell is, of course, much more exclusively a bookman than either Mr. Morley or Mr. Bryce, and for that reason among others his work is probably more familiar to our readers, and consequently less in need of a showman. To the analytic faculty of Mr. Morley, or to the constructive historical gift of Mr. Bryce, he would be the last person, we imagine, to make any claim. As a sensitive appreciator of the best literature of the past, however, by the combined methods of private judgment and the soundest standards of former critics Mr. Birrell has probably no rival. In the delightful succession of essays contained in the two series of "Obiter Dicta"; in "Essays on Men, Women, and Books"; "Res Judicatæ"; "Miscellanies"; in the "Bodleian," etc., etc., he has handed on the best traditions of Bagehot and Sir Leslie Stephen. He owes something in style or rhythm to our great moralist (as he always describes Dr. Johnson), and something it may be to Lamb, to Lowell, and to Hazlitt, whom he admires, we believe, above them all. Of Ainger's edition of Lamb's letters he writes: "He has indeed, omitted a few oaths —on the principle that 'damns have had their day.' For my part I think I should have been disposed to leave them alone.

> "The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,
> I turned my weeder-clips aside,
> And spared the symbol dear."

But this is not a question to discuss with a dignitary of the Church."

This is sufficiently typical of Mr. Birrell's manner, and of his felicity in quotation, but it is not selected as one of his representative good things. These are peppered so liberally over every page that there is not a square inch of Birrell free from some witty turn, quaint saying, or happy illustration. He is, perhaps, the greatest modern master of the quip—witness his essay on "Authors in Court." Such easy reading implies hard writing, a memory almost as retentive as Mr. Bryce's, and a long devotion to English literature. He is, indeed, a thorough bookman, a lover of old calf and a connoisseur of literary aroma. Whatever he touches in this kind he never fails to make tempting. There is no crash or thunder of the cataract about his methods—it is the ripple that does it. His prose has a generous ring about it, too. It intones itself; one can hear his voice underlying phrase after phrase, rising to the points, steering the good things carefully amid the applause, and bringing out the sententious passages with a fine relish. As an appreciator of Charles Lamb, Mr. Birrell has few rivals. How well has he written on Borrow, De Quincey, Bagehot, Froude, Johnson, Gibbon, Cowper, Hazlitt, Charlotte Brontë, and fifty other well nourished themes! It may be true that he has not yet done anything in letters quite commensurate with his exceptional gifts, but those who cannot see what a very sensitive and penetrating and arduous literary faculty is implied in the composition of his essays must be blind indeed. I

apprehend that he will be wasted at the Education Office, though if Education gains only half as much as Letters must lose during his sojourn at Whitehall, the country will have made a good bargain.

We have now practically exhausted our space before getting to the serious part of our subject. Hitherto we have been speaking of writers and books that everyone knows. We are coming to those writers in the Ministry whose works are comparatively unfamiliar, and it is too manifest that we shall have to discuss their great merits on the proverbial half-sheet of notepaper. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's researches into the Petty records, commenced in his "Life of Lord Shelburne" and continued in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and "Life of Sir William Petty," are well known to scholars; while his recent "Life of Lord Granville" has enjoyed a brisk round of popularity. Nor have Mr. Winston Churchill's spirited volume on "The River War," or his book of South African reminiscence, which popular fable has gradually distorted until it is commonly referred to as a great monograph upon "The Vulture," wholly lacked advertisement. Mr. Haldane's literary achievements, his versions of Schopenhauer, his studies on Science and Religion, on Education and Empire, are always referred to with a profound if somewhat distant respect. By the comprehensiveness of his tastes he is evidently fitted to be the salad maker of the new Cabinet. Lord Burghclere, who was formerly at the Board of Agriculture, has appropriately devoted leisure snatched from "the bustle of the House of Commons" to elaborating a version in Morrisian blank verse of the Georgics of Virgil. The following description seems more appropriate to Caledonia than to Calabria.

> "A land which fumes
> With subtle mist and drift of dewy reek,
> Which drinks the moisture deep into itself,
> And yields it back at will."

And sure enough we find that, freed from the "bustle" aforesaid, the author completed this great effort not in Italy, not upon the shores of Leman, but amidst imagery consonant with "the calm of a Highland lodge." The works of Mr. Edmund Robertson are to be sought not among the classics but in the legal pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in essays in the "Nineteenth Century and After," and in an unpretentious but useful little sketch of the inter-relations between Federal and State Law in the United States, entitled "American Home Rule," delicately inscribed to the writer's constituents of the burgh of Dundee. The literary efforts of Mr. Thomas Ryburn Buchanan, formerly commoner of Balliol, now Financial Secretary to the War Office, would appear to be limited to a Stanhope Prize Essay upon "The Effects of the Renaissance upon England" (1860). As there is positively no room for the tail piece in tongues-of-fire, in which we had designed to enshrine literary portraits of Lord Rosebery and Sir Charles Dilke, we must conclude this article with mention of an author inside the Cabinet whose books have gone through more editions, perhaps, than those of any of the foregoing. "A Handbook to Political Questions of the Day" (in which the literary person may find a good deal more than he will ever require to know about Elementary Education, the Liquor Laws, Ground Values, and One Man One Vote), a pious development of and improvement upon his father's "Ideas of the Day on Policy" of 1866, was first brought out by Mr. Sydney Buxton in 1880, and has since gone through a baker's dozen of large editions. He has since produced an *œuvre de fond* on "Finance and Politics," dedicated to his father-in-law, Lord Avebury, and supplemented by a study of Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he has recently relaxed his sternly statistical mind by the publication in 1902 of a sufficiently readable little book on "Fishing and Shooting," which contains by way of illustration some of the best work that Thorburn has done.

"FIONA MACLEOD."

By Alfred Noyes.

FOR those who followed "her" work very closely it is difficult to realise that Fiona Macleod is dead. The sense of beauty with which she was so superbly endowed has something of the immortality of Beauty itself; and when the hand of dust has created a flower of light, it is difficult to conceive of even the dust returning to dust. When a man has walked with wind and sunlight like a brother, when he has loved the sea and the sky, and talked with Death as with some beautiful and friendly spirit, it is difficult to realise that all these companions have risen at last in rebellion against him and blotted out his visible presence from our eyes. "From our eyes," we say; but that mysterious and fugitive spirit was never much before our eyes. A deeper veil has been drawn between us. He has taken another pseudonym. That is all.

"Far away in an island sanctuary that I shall not see again"—how more than ever haunting is that cadence now!—"where the wind chants the blind, oblivious tune of Time." . . . He that has heard it will never doubt that in another and loftier sense the veil has been completely withdrawn.

For it was in order to reveal august and sacred things that Fiona Macleod concealed herself, both in life and death. This was the reason why a writer of quiet and scholarly distinction was able to take what seemed to be another nature upon himself when writing under a pseudonym, a nature so intensely sensitive and passionate that one can easily understand why it shrank from self-expression in any other way. No other explanation can account for the fact that the writings of Fiona Macleod are not only so different from the other writings of their author under his real name, but also so much loftier in diction, so much more passionate and "inspired." They are the works in which for magic mirror the writer holds up his own manifest heart. They

are not only tales and poems. They are the voice of a modern, in the same way that the "Imitatio Christi" is the voice of a mediæval soul. It speaks from the same depths and with the same desire. Whether it has the same value depends on the value of modern thought as compared with the thought of the middle ages. This much is certain: the voice of Fiona Macleod came from the same depths. It must not be confounded with the voices of the Pseudo-Celtic revival. She herself has spoken in no doubtful accent with regard to that. There is no crystal-gazing, or alchemy, or magic, or imitation of Maeterlinck in the works of this Celt. Neither is there any description of those extraordinary ladies in Bedford Park, whose long, lank tresses—if one may trust the impression one gathers from the Celtic Revivalists—are so incessantly combed by pale young men in spectacles. But in these works Beauty is born of the bright, hard sea; and the clouds of her hair are full, not of patchouli, but of the wind and light and odour of sun-swept pine forests. It is all simple, sensuous, passionate poetry; and poetry, as I think, at times of the very highest order.

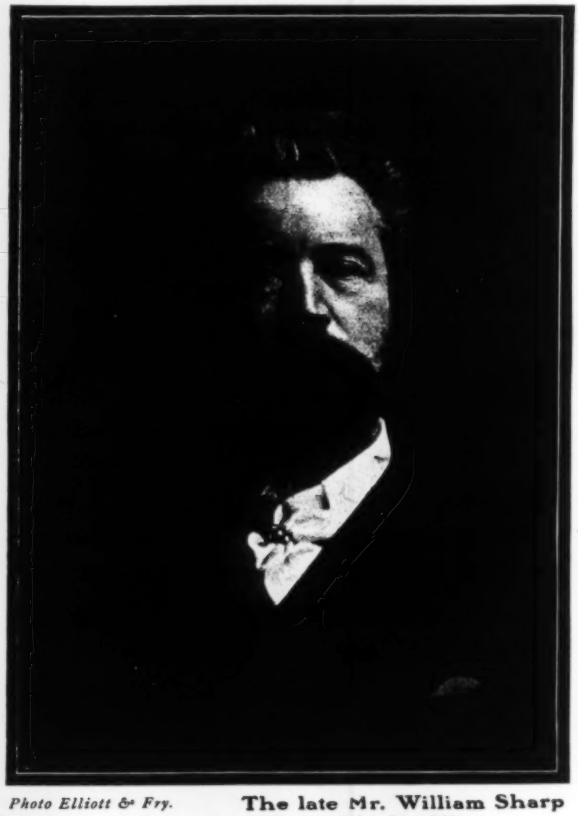


Photo Elliott & Fry.

The late Mr. William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod").

There is no space here to deal with those works in full. But to avoid empty generalities it will be better, perhaps, to take only one of her tales, "The Archer," which is that rare thing in English literature—a short story fit to be compared with the best in French. The author of that preface to "Sonnets of the Century" might, indeed, be expected to have some insight into the structural beauties of the perfect short story, "of its own arduous fulness reverent"; but it did not follow that he would be able to endow it with such dramatic force, with such inner and outer beauty and strangeness of beauty. "The Archer," like almost all the stories of this writer, is as carefully finished as if it had been a sonnet. Every vowel sound, every cadence is carefully considered and placed with regard to the cumulative effect of the whole; and there are also effects which are usually found only in the longer forms of poetry and the musical symphony—subtle repetitions of certain words and phrases that break out and die away like a cry upon the mountain wind, to be caught up later at certain dramatic intervals, caught up and elaborated, and—at the psychological moment—uttered, in some snatch of passing song or the crooning of some old woman over her dead.

There were two men who loved one woman. The name of the woman was Silis; the names of the men were Sheumas and Isla. Silis was the wife of Sheumas.

These two men were fishermen. One night they were upon the water. "It was a dead calm, and the nets had been laid. There was no moon at all, and only a star or two up in the black corner of the sky. The sea had the wandering flames in it; and when the big jelly-fish floated by, they were like the tide-lamps that some are for saying the dead bear on their drowned faces.

"Some day I may be telling you a strange thing, Sheumas," said Isla, after the long silence there had been since the last net had sent a little cloud of sparkles up from the gulfs.

"Ay?" said Sheumas, taking his pipe from his mouth and looking at the spire of smoke rising just forward o' the mast. The water slipped by, soft and slow. It was only the tide feeling its way up the sea-loch, for there was not a breath of wind. Here and there were dusky shadows: the boats of the fishermen of Inchghunnais. Each carried a red light, and in some were green lanterns slung midway up the mast."

With that, and a snatch of song from a neighbouring boat,

"She has two men within the palm, the hollow of her hand.
She takes their souls and blows them forth as idle, drifted sand:
And one falls back upon her breast that is his quiet home,
And one goes out into the night, and is as wind-blown foam.

And when she sees the sleep of one, oftimes she rises there,
And looks into the outer dark, and calleth soft and fair:
And then the lost soul that afar within the dark doth roam,
Comes laughing, laughing, laughing, and crying *Home! Home!*"

With that and the ensuing dialogue, wherein no direct reference to the matter is made, both men are drawn to realise the situation; but neither of them is quite certain whom Silis really loves. By a wonderful piece of dramatic irony, Sheumas, who has never hitherto doubted on the subject, seeks to discover this by putting a fictitious case to Isla for his opinion. But Isla did not know; and tries to discover the secret from Sheumas.

They return home, with the matter unsettled, and each goes to his cottage. Sheumas goes to his wife's room; and then—in the original—comes a passage which I can only compare, so far as its simple method is concerned, with the great classical instances of the

tragic revelation of a secret in some of the Greek dramas:

"He looked at Silis a long time. Her shadowy hair was all about her face. She had never seemed to him more beautiful. Well was she called 'Silis the Fawn' in the poem that someone had made about her.

"The poem that someone had made about her?—yes, for sure; how could he be forgetting who it was. Was it not Isla, and he a poet too, another Ian Mòr, they said?

"'Another Ian Mòr.' As he repeated the words below his breath, he bent over his wife. Her white breast rose and fell the way a moonbeam does in moving water.

"Then he knelt. When he took the slim, white hand in his she did not wake. It closed lovingly over his own. . . .

"'Silis,' he whispered. 'Silis . . . Silis.' She smiled. He leaned close above her lips.

"'Ah, heart o' me,' she whispered; 'O Isla, Isla, mo ròu, moghray, Isla, Isla, Isla!'"

"Sheumas drew back and went out to Isla Macleod's cottage. Isla was sitting, singing to his ash-lute.

"And is there any home for him whose portion is the night? . . .
And one goes out into the night and is as wind-blown foam. . . ."

Then he suddenly breaks out into what I cannot but think is one of the most perfect lyrics of our time, a lyric that has clung to the present writer's memory ever since he first read it, a lyric as simple as a long, low cry of pain, modulated into perfect music by its own rhythmic pangs.

"O heart that is breaking,
Breaking, breaking,
O for the home that I canna, canna win:
O the weary aching,
The weary, weary aching,
To be in the home that I canna, canna win!

For O the long home-sickness,
The long, long home-sickness,
'Tis slow, slow death for me who long for home, for home!
And a heart is breaking,
I know a heart that's breaking,
All to be at home at last, to be at home, at home,
O Silis, Silis,
Home, home, home!"

Then Sheumas entered. The two men decided to put the direct question to Silis. She knows that Sheumas loves her, and this is what happens. Her husband asks her the question, Isla listening from without, and then repeats it:

"'And it is a true thing that you love me best, and that since the choice between him and me has come, you choose me?'

"'It is a true thing.'

"A shadow fell across the room. Isla stood in the doorway.

"Silis turned the white, beautiful face of her, and looked at the man she loved with all her heart and all her soul. He smiled. She was no coward, his Silis, though he called her his fawn.

"'Is—it—a—true—thing, Silis?' he asked, slowly.

"She looked at Sheumas, then at Isla, then back at her husband.

"'It might kill Sheumas,' she muttered below her breath, so that neither heard her. . . .

"Then, with a swift turn of her eyes, she spoke.

"'Yes, it is a true thing, Isla. I abide by Sheumas.'

". . . She was conscious of the wave of relief that went into Sheumas' face. She saw the rising of a dark, strange tide in the eyes of Isla.

"He stared at her. Perhaps he did not hear? . . . perhaps he could not understand.

"It was a little while wherein to kill a man.

"'My Fawn,' he whispered hoarsely, 'my wee Fawn!'

"But Silis was frozen.

"The deadly frost in her eyes slew the dream that the brain of the poet dreamed.

"Then it slew the poet.

"Isla, the man, stood awhile, strangely tremulous. . . . He was a big, strong giant of a lover; but he trembled now just like a bit fawn, she thought."

How that deadly frost slew the brain that was the altar where the poet offered up his dreams of beauty, and then slew the man, those who are unacquainted with the story had better read in the original setting. There is only too much to say and only too little space to say it in, for me to quote and spoil that perfect close. But it is remarkable how that story of the two men runs through all the work of Fiona Macleod, and not only of the two men, but of the man who is himself two men. There is even one story where a man creeps up to his own cottage window and sees *himself* seated in front of his fire. In "The Divine Adventure" there is a still more subtle sub-division of a personality; and it all has a bearing on what at the beginning of this article I tried to show—that the words of Fiona Macleod are a personal revelation, in a way that the more public work of that complex writer could never be. "Her" works under the shadow, always under the shadow, of Destiny, are written "as by one who repeats, with curious insistence, a haunting, familiar, yet ever wild and remote air." "I have seen," she could say, with truth and sincerity:

"In lonely places and in lonelier hours,
My vision of the rainbow-aureoled face
Of her whom men name Beauty; proud, austere;
Dim vision of the far immortal Face,
Divinely fugitive, that haunts the world,
And lifts man's spiral thoughts to lovelier dreams."

New Books.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S POEMS.*

In this attractive little volume Mr. Lang definitively establishes his title (if, indeed, there can have been any dispute about it after the publication of "Grass of Parnassus") to a place in the front rank of those who write light verse. Now this kind of writing is by no means so easy as some who attempt to practise it assume it to be. It is not enough that a man should possess and exemplify an ingenious trick of acrobatic rhyming, that he should be able to write with fluency on the topics of the moment, or even that he should refrain, though this is supposed by many to be a high qualification, from the sustained flights and the wider range of the greater poets—we use the qualification in no invidious sense. Certainly it is necessary that the light versifier should be able to rhyme sometimes ingeniously and always impeccably; certain it is, too, that his lines must have that free movement, that air of being inevitable that can only come of his complete mastery of his materials and his wise and careful labour in their employment; but, in addition to these and other qualifications, he must, if he is to soar above the common throng, have humanity and insight, humour and tenderness—in fact, he must have the soul of a poet. If any academic pedant doubts this statement, let him think for a moment of some of those verse-writers to whom the hours of his youth were dedicated—of Horace, let us say, and Catullus and Martial. Dead irrevocably is the world in which they had their being; dead, too, is many a poet who had his moment of honour in that world, but these live and are loved, and we listen to their voices coming across the great waste of years because of the human feeling and the sportive, wistful tenderness that inspired their strains. And, if we may skip the centuries without lingering on many a loved and honoured name, and pick out one of our own immortals, we may affirm that Thackeray's poetry will survive in spite of his occasional rhyming atrocities (he once rhymed "long year" with "frontier") because of the noble humanity and tenderness with which it is charged.

We have insisted on these points because we should wish Mr. Lang, if he does us the honour to read this notice, to feel that in applying the word "light" to his verse we do not intend even the slightest hint of inferiority or reproach. We do not forget that he has written of Helen of Troy in six not inconsiderable books. We know that if he cared to withdraw himself from his versatile researches into Totemism or Scottish history he could write us an epic or a drama with the best; but, if we are to catalogue him, we must assign him his place amongst those who have written verse which, for want of a better word, we must still call light. In this he has displayed his finest quality, and it is for this chiefly that we have to thank him. How gently and kindly he sings of life and its pleasures, with what fine restraint does he express his regret for the joys that cannot come again, and for the friends that have passed away. Here, for instance, are two beautiful stanzas from "Tusitala":—

"We spoke of a rest in a fairy knowe of the North, but he,
Far from the forths of the East, and the racing tides of the West,
Sleeps in the sight and the sound of the infinite Southern Sea,
Weary and well content in his grave on the Vaëa crest."

"Once we were kindest, he said, when leagues of the limitless sea
Flowed between us, but now that no wash of the wandering tides
Sunders us each from each, yet nearer we seem to be,
Whom only the unbridged stream of the river of death divides."

It is not an easy metre: the beats come quick and sharp, and the slightest uncertainty in their incidence would cause an irremediable harshness and confusion. Yet with what a consummate mastery and precision is it employed so as to give thought and feeling their absolutely fit expression.

"The 'Loyal Lyrics' on Charles and James and the White Rose must not be understood," says Mr. Lang in his Preface, "as implying a rebellious desire for the subversion of the present illustrious dynasty." It may be so, but there is a sincerity in their note of longing and regret that makes us doubt whether it would be safe to put Mr. Lang to the test. No cause certainly was ever so fatally foredoomed to failure, and none has been more tenderly sung. It is strange that its ill-luck should pursue it even into Mr. Lang's volume, for the number of the poems in this particular section is thirteen, though it must be admitted that two of them are dedicated to Joan of Arc. Still, we would not wish a single one of them omitted.

"Zimbabwe" is another example of Mr. Lang's deft and scholarly power for getting the very best out of his subject. Vanished are the men who dug for gold in Ophir:

"The pestilence, the desert spear,
Smote them; they passed with none to tell
The names of them who laboured here:
Stark walls and crumbling crucible,
Strait gates, and graves, and ruined well,
Abide, dumb monuments of old,
We know but that men fought and fell,
Like us, like us, for love of gold."

We owe Mr. Lang a special word of thanks for his defence of one of the few obstructive laws (we suppose they may be called laws) that impede the flow of the careless English rhymester. Let Mr. G——y, of Magdalen—we think we could fill the blank—consider the following amongst other lines from the "Rhyme of Oxford Cockney Rhymes":—

"Yes, G——y shines the worst of all,
He needs to rhyme 'embargo';
The man had Margot at his call,
He had the good ship *Argo*;
Largo he had; yet doth he seek
Further, and no embargo
Restrains him from the odious, weak,
And Cockney rhyme, 'Chicago'!"

We sympathise with Mr. Lang's indignation, and we applaud the verse it inspired. Since light verse is well worth the doing, it is only proper that the rules should not be transgressed with a wanton and lamentable carelessness No one will find this sort of loose work in anything written by Mr. Lang, for, since he is a poet, he is also no mean user of the file.

R. C. LEHMANN.

* "New Collected Rhymes." By Andrew Lang. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

THE LIFE OF REASON.*

This is in many ways a remarkable book, comprehensive in its range and brilliant in execution. It is not yet complete; but since our receipt of the first two volumes, two more have been advertised as issued from the press, and a fifth and final volume is announced for early publication. The whole work will thus form a review of the Life of Reason in Common Sense, in Society, in Religion, in Art, and in Science. Mr. Santayana is afraid of no difficulties, and, like many other men who have achieved results, he has no doubts. The work is the product of an assured confidence which is rare even in the controversialist; still rarer in the philosophical system-maker. And the author has an unusual gift of graphic and picturesque language. For the most part, contemporary philosophers are not without a sense of style. But lucidity is what they aim at: to instruct, refute, enforce. If they attain beauty of style—or even seek it—the form is still severe and classical. But Mr. Santayana is a romanticist in his style; his argument is suffused by emotion; the "life of reason," as shown in his book, is not cold and impassive; it has the colour and movement of life; it is rooted in vision, and passes quickly from picture to picture under the guidance of a fertile and imaginative intelligence.

The late M. Vacherot once said that metaphysicians are poets who have mistaken their trade. Perhaps he might have found support for his remark from our author's method. He does not waste much time in controversy. Opposing views are swept from his path almost with disdain, and almost without argument. They block the way, or interfere

* "The Life of Reason; or, The Phases of Human Progress." By George Santayana. Vol. I., Introduction and Reason in Common Sense. Vol. II., Reason in Society. Pp. ix., 291; viii., 205. 10s. net. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

with his vision; and what more need be said? It is not easy—perhaps it is not possible—to fit his own steps into the unsympathetic formulæ of logic. Indeed he often seems to have attained the heights at a bound—as a poet should. And he describes the scene and the way in language which constantly dazzles and delights. Almost every paragraph is a picture, and contains an epigram; and the words often come very near to that *curiosa felicitas* which is the supreme justification of epigram.

These qualities are so manifest and impressive that it would be strange if they had not their own defects. The sober-minded reader, whose interest has compelled him to follow the author through these two volumes, may rise from their perusal admiring but puzzled. He might find himself unable to give, clearly and concisely, an outline of the author's doctrine. No doubt Mr. Santayana might reply, as Hegel replied in similar circumstances, that those things cannot be said shortly. If one attempts to say anything about his philosophical position, it must be with diffidence, as fearing to misinterpret when one tries to explain. And if it is hard to be accurate or to be clear, perhaps some excuse may be found in the author's own account of his mental process: "The thoughts to be expressed simmer half-consciously in my brain. I feel their burden and tendency without seeing their form, until the mechanical train of impulsive association, started by the perusal of what precedes or by the accidental emergence of some new idea, lights the fuse and precipitates the phrase."

Mr. Santayana is a constructive thinker who has come under the influence of the type of thought which, at the present day, is most opposed to philosophical construction. This type of thought is spoken of by its adherents under many names—pragmatism, humanism, radical empiricism. None of these names are referred to by the author; nor are the exponents of the doctrine mentioned. Yet he would seem to count himself as belonging to their number; "relativity" is almost his watchword; "ultimate truth" is said to belong to the ideas "which can give human nature, as it is, the highest satisfaction. We may admit," he continues, "that human nature is variable; but that admission, if justified, will be justified by the satisfaction which it gives human nature to make it." That is to say, the true is the useful: and the truth of this proposition, "the true is the useful," will itself consist in its utility or "the satisfaction which it gives"; and so on indefinitely. The conception has been used, especially by its protagonist, Prof. W. James, to break up the rigid systems of traditional philosophy, and to leave room for the element of individuality—indeed of chance. He asserts indeterminism in its most uncompromising form. But with this Mr. Santayana will have nothing to do: "No commanding or steady intellect flirts with so miserable a possibility." He has a constructive conception, which may make use of the "pragmatic" solvent, but itself refuses to yield to it. And this is his conception of nature and human nature. From this he sees life and purpose and reason emerging, and constructing the manifold forms of mind and society. Following from this conception, the various "phases of human progress" are described with no little skill; and the whole work has the merit of giving, from the author's point of view, a synthetic account of the leading questions which face the thoughtful mind. The chapters on Reason in Society are interesting and suggestive, though, as was perhaps inevitable, their touch with fact and history is not always of the closest. It is said that former lecturers on economics used to begin, "Suppose a man on a desert island." And when the author writes, "Suppose a cold and hungry savage, etc.," we are reminded of the precedent. It is perhaps to use too high a standard of comparison; but if we turn from what is said here on the origin of government to the discussion in Mr. Frazer's Early History of Kingship, we understand what an account of social origins may be in the hands of a master of the facts.

W. R. SORLEY.

SHAKESPEARE ESSAYS.*

The general feeling towards a great author is largely the result of the accumulated enjoyment of generous minds. We pride ourselves on the baggage of erudition; but it is a sorry pride unless erudition helps us to understand and to enjoy. Mr. Stopford Brooke has an affluent, and yet a discriminating sense of pleasure, and when we ask ourselves what we have learnt from his writings, the answer comes promptly—we have learnt to enjoy. His delight in good things is not perhaps so much an intense and penetrating one, like that of Hazlitt in his best passages, as a widespread, diffused, genial delight; it has an infectious quality, and makes the reader happier; happier, and also more intelligent.

> "What poets feel not, when they make,
> A pleasure in creating,
> The world, in its turn, will not take
> Pleasure in contemplating."

This "Caution to Poets" of Matthew Arnold may serve also as a Caution to Critics; but Mr. Brooke is a critic who can hear the caution without wincing.

Readers, therefore, should come to this volume not to debate a text, or discuss a date, or conjecture a reading, but to learn to like better and more intimately what they have already liked; and coming thus, they will not be disappointed. The "ten plays," including comedies, histories, tragedies, range from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to "The Tempest," and being placed in the chronological order, they serve, not altogether inadequately, to illustrate the successive stages in the unfolding of Shakespeare's genius. Mr. Brooke does not suppose that the creator stands removed from the world of his own creation; he finds him there constantly and everywhere; not as an historical person, through laboured points of contact and connection between the poet's external life and his imaginative inventions, but rather as, in his own world,

> "A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

And thus the Shakespearean "anima mundi" is no unknown presence, being constantly and everywhere not far from every one of us.

Mr. Brooke finds in Shakespeare's tragic period, and especially in the plays of "Othello" and "King Lear," a failure of his earlier belief in a Justice presiding over human life and human destiny. The Power which rules the world, in these tragedies, is, says Mr. Brooke, "a blind or a cynical Will which plays with men and women as if they were marionettes. It was well that Shakespeare did not for long continue in this temper. . . . He is passing out of it in 'Coriolanus,' and in 'Julius Cæsar' he has emerged from it." Through a moment's inadvertence, Mr. Brooke seems to have forgotten that "Julius Cæsar" stands at the entrance of the tragic period, not, like "Coriolanus," towards its close. I can see no touch of cynicism or of moral scepticism in the tragedies. If this is anywhere to be found, it is in another play which Mr. Brooke cites, "Troilus and Cressida." In the tragedies, Shakespeare recognises the mystery of evil; the lives and fortunes of men are laid waste by its presence in the world; and such is indeed the fact. Iago is brought into being, and works havoc among his innocent victims; but this apparent injustice in the lower plane is overruled and controlled by the higher justice in the plane of inward character. Here every evil ensures its own retribution; and good, which may fail among things casual and accidental, can never fail here. Shakespeare does not pretend to solve the whole riddle of existence; but he says we can regard it fixedly and not without a sense of awe, and we can pass from the world where there seems to be a huge waste of human powers to a higher world where nothing is lost or wasted. Even Gloucester, who exclaims:

> "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
> They kill as for their sport,"

has in him virtue enough to deliver him from this merely external view of human life, and it was in no mood of rebellion or scepticism that at last his heart "burst smilingly."

There are passages in Mr. Brooke's book which one would like to quote, such as that in which he exhibits the dream-like character of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that in which he sets forth the ideal and the realistic elements which make up Shakespeare's conception of the witches in "Macbeth." But these must be left for the reader to discover and to enjoy.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

* "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare." By Stopford A. Brooke. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)

COWPER.*

Mr. Bailey has spared no pains to make his edition of Cowper's poems indispensable to the lover of the poet. He has taken extraordinary trouble with his text, collating all available editions and manuscripts, and recording the various readings; he has gathered together all the unpublished matter he could come by, both in verse and prose (including the latter—to save the face of his title-page—by way of illustration), and he has decorated the volume with several pictures hitherto inaccessible to the public, notably the beautiful drawings by William Blake of "Winter" and "Evening."

To speak first of the poems. While sympathising with the editorial satisfaction in being able to add something new to the list of Cowper's works, no one can say that the world is much the richer by the treasure-trove. In one respect some persons may reckon it the poorer, for a new stanza has been added to a poem already judged perfect, the beautiful and touching lines "To Mary":

"Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view not them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of the sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

[And then I feel that still I hold
A richer store ten thousandfold
Than misers fancy in their gold,
My Mary!]

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest,
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!"

On this bracketed verse, which occurs in the manuscript presented recently to the Olney Museum, Mr. Bailey has the following note: "The question is, whether these lines were struck out by Cowper or by Hayley (who first printed them). It is just possible that the poet thought they interfered with the natural sequence from the 'hands' of stanza nine to the 'limbs' of the stanza which has usually followed it, and that he therefore struck them out. But we know that Hayley, under pressure from Lady Hesketh, was anxious to represent Cowper's feelings towards Mrs. Unwin as those that might be felt by a son for a 'venerable parent.' Lady Hesketh feared that her sister Theodora, of whose undying love for the poet she was well aware, might be hurt by a franker revelation of the facts. It seems to me, therefore, that the probability is that Hayley struck out this passionately outspoken stanza to save Theodora's feelings as far as could be." The probability seems certainly to be as Mr. Bailey states it. His alternative suggestion does not seem even "just possible." For if the poem is examined with care, the stanzas will be seen to fall into sets of two, except in the case of the section from the third stanza to the sixth, which falls into three and one. In the passage quoted above there are two stanzas about the "silver locks," two about the "hands," two about the "feebleness of limbs," and there can be no doubt that this symmetry is intended. I do not myself think that Cowper would have destroyed so careful a balance of parts, even if it had been pointed out to him that "golden" and "gold" were a little too close together. Mr. Bailey therefore deserves our thanks for his courage in re-inserting the lost stanza. Of his other discoveries, perhaps the less said the better; and of the new pieces borrowed from Mr. Wright's "Uncollected Poems" only one was worth collecting, "A Song of Mercy and Judgment," which is remarkable, not so much for itself as for its use of two refrains, or, rather, two forms of a single refrain, in alternate verses; a simple contrivance but exquisitely effective:

"From the cheerful beams of morning
Sad I turned my eyes away:
And the shades of night returning
Filled my soul with new dismay.
Grace Divine, how sweet the sound!
Sweet the grace that I have found.

But at length a word of healing,
Sweeter than an angel's note,
From the Saviour's lips distilling,
Chased despair and changed my lot.
Sweet the sound of grace Divine,
Sweet the grace which makes me Thine."

Of the other novelties, the little fable of "The Bee and the Pineapple" is perhaps the best, but even that is hardly worthy of its author. The world would willingly have let it die. The passage entitled a "Fragment," which Mr. Bailey describes as "the opening lines of some early poem which was never corrected or finished," is really an unfinished sonnet with alternative beginnings to the sestet. It is worth quoting as Cowper's only attempt at the Shakespearian form of sonnet. In its tameness it outdoes the tamest sonnet of Matthew Arnold.

AGAINST INTERESTED LOVE.

"Who does not blush when charged with selfish views?
Man boasts for man a principle of love;
But each with God a different course pursues;
Short interest is the spring by which they move.
Oh, blindness of our mean and stupid race!
The selfish and the sordid we despise,
And yet the love of God incurs disgrace,
While love to man is sounded to the skies.
How speaks the world? In friendship's sacred cause
A generous service is its own reward,
A maxim all have stamped with their applause.
How speaks the world? My dear and valued friend,
My recompense is found in serving you."

This was found on the back of a MS. containing a piece of translation from Madame Guyon. In other words, its date is probably 1782 or thereabouts. In 1791-2 Cowper made his translations from Milton, which included versions of the Italian sonnets; and to the same period belong his own sonnets to Mrs. Unwin, Hayley, Romney, and John Johnson, which are built on the Miltonic model, and are full of Miltonic echoes, though Milton only once in an English sonnet concludes with a couplet. They are very much better than the Shakespearian sonnet quoted above, but they are not characteristic poems of their author, and we cannot be sorry there are no more of them.

Turning to the new letters, it may be said at once that the reader will be much better pleased with them than with the new poems. An occasional poem which is not as perfect as its author can make it has no excuse to plead for the space it occupies in an over-crowded world. But the merit of an occasional letter may often be in inverse ratio to the pains spent upon it. Cowper had all the qualifications of the ideal letter-writer. He was sympathetic; he had an alert intelligence and an eye for a situation; he had an easy style and wit at command; and he had the perfect good-humour and urbanity of an accomplished gentleman. But beyond all these gifts and graces, he had the undefinable and incommunicable secret of inspiring personal interest and affection, he had charm. And as a consequence, whether he has anything of importance to say in his letters or not, we are equally well pleased to read them. There is nothing in these new letters to put beside the best, or even the second best, of those we have already. But to have Cowper writing even about oysters, or publishers, or selling stock, or embellishing his borders, is a pure delight. "Are you so lately from the egg-shell," he writes to "my dearest Johnny," *i.e.*, John Johnson, his cousin, "as not yet to know that trustees are of all mankind the least to be trusted?" And at the end of the letter, "I thank you, my dear Johnny, for the turkey, which came safe, and will, I doubt not, prove a good one. It now hangs (I would that the trustees were hanging with it) in the hall larder." The trustees in question seem to have been trustees of a living, for Johnny was seeking Holy Orders. Another letter leads us to infer that he did not succeed in passing the examination for his degree and in consequence the Bishop of Bristol declined to ordain him. Now the B. of B., as he is familiarly termed, was Cowper's cousin, Spencer Madan, and with him Cowper made interest for Johnny, but all in vain. "Providentially," at this crisis, a living in Norfolk was offered, and the Bishop of Norwich proved more complaisant. Whatever we may think of

* "The Poems of William Cowper." Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. C. Bailey. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Cowper's views of Providence, as they are expressed in the following passage, the intense humanity of the writer comes nearer home to us than if he had penned a moral essay—as in a case less personal to himself he might well have done—on the over-easiness of bishops.

"I told you, my man, that Providence would order the affair for you, and that you would find the door ecclesiastical opened to you exactly at the time and by the means that would be best for you; and so it proves. Now I see it to be well that Bristol would not comply; yet, though his non-compliance was evidently providential, that by no means excuses him. It was unfriendly to me, and by this time he probably knows that I account it so."

On the no less personal subject of authors' profits, Cowper has some equally human comments. "If it be true, as I have good reason to believe it is, that he [Johnson] gave Dr. Darwin eight hundred pounds for his 'Loves of the Plants,' then it seems strange that he should propose to get my Homer for nothing!"

Only once is there any reference to the great tragedy of his life; and then the reader of the letter, who did not know what we know now, would not have gained from it the awful impression it makes upon us; for when he was warned, never "shut your eyes against a known duty, nor close your ears to an express providential call, however uncommon and even unprecedented it may be," he could not have known or guessed that the uncommon and unprecedented call which Cowper believed himself to have disregarded, was the call to sacrifice his own life.

It remains to congratulate Mr. Bailey on the admirable Introduction he has prefixed to the volume. Nothing so enthusiastic and so discriminating has been written about Cowper before. By association with the poet, he has caught no little measure of his own "ease, intimacy, and truth." "The world," he says, "is so strangely constituted that there are people who will read introductions to poems, but will not read the poems themselves." Certainly it will not be Mr. Bailey's fault if those who read his introduction do not pass on into the fane to which he introduces them. It is tempting to linger and discuss points of agreement and disagreement. Not every reader will follow Mr. Bailey in his preference for Cowper over Thomson in the contrasted passages about winter. Thomson with the lines:

> "Till at last the flakes
> Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
> With a continual flow,"

is surely describing a different kind of snowstorm from Cowper's

> "Downy flakes
> Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
> Softly alighting upon all below."

Most readers will rub their eyes in amazement at reading that Cowper never approaches in his hymns the fine poetic quality of Ellerton's "O Strength and Stay," which is not even good grammar, and "God of the Living."

Mr. Bailey calls attention to some lines in "Anti-Thelyphthora" as having exactly the manner of Crabbe. There is a passage in "Valediction" where the resemblance is even closer because it extends also to the subject matter, the lines beginning "Oh, friendship, cordial of the human breast." It is hard to believe that Crabbe was not really the writer of these lines:

> "The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
> When most relied on is most sure to fail;
> And summoned to partake its fellow's woe,
> Starts from his office like a broken bow."

Mr. Bailey has had the advantage of reading the original manuscripts of many of Cowper's letters, and from them has been able to glean not a few details of the domestic interior at Weston, which the earlier editors felt obliged to suppress. They go to show that Cowper had no distaste for the creature comforts of life, and help to confirm the impression of his general happiness, except in the very last years. From one of these omitted passages he gives a very animated sketch from Cowper's pen of the insufferable Olney schoolmaster Teedon, whose importance his successor, Mr. Wright, has been tempted to exaggerate:

"He is the most obsequious, the most formal, the most pedantic of all creatures, so civil that it would be cruel to affront him, and so troublesome that it is impossible to bear him. Being possessed of a little Latin, he seldom uses a word that is not derived from that language, and being a bigot to propriety of pronunciation, studiously and constantly lays the accent upon the wrong syllable. I think that Sheridan would adore him. He has formed his style (he told me so himself) by the pattern that Mr. Hervey has furnished him with in his 'Theron and Aspasia'; accordingly, he never says that my garden is gay, but that the flowery tribe are finely variegated and extremely fragrant. The weather with him is never fine, but genial; never cold and uncomfortable, but rigorous and frowning. If he cannot recollect a thing, he tells me that it is not within his recognizance, convincing me at the same time that the orthography of the word is quite familiar to him by laying a particular stress upon the *g*."

In short, by his new information, no less than by his fine criticism and his careful text, Mr. Bailey has put all the other editions of Cowper out of date. H. C. BEECHING.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.*

The mere bibliophile may not be grateful to Mr. Elton for the reprint of his monograph on Michael Drayton, now one of the rarest parts of the once-active Spenser Society. But there are other claims than the collector's, and the satisfaction of these in this handy volume, "corrected and augmented," as the old phrase goes, must be heartily acknowledged. Much good work of this kind lies buried in the long sets of our learned societies. All honour to the enterprise and scholarly enthusiasm which has done what could never have been done in the open market of letters: but there comes a time, and very soon in the crush of Elizabethan studies, when the system of "preserving," however excellent or necessary in the first stages, defeats its own good purpose. We welcome Mr. Elton's venture, and hope it is the forerunner of many other revivals. Reprints of this kind have the merit of having stood the tests of the critical brethren and the authors themselves.

Mr. Elton finds an incidental reason for the republication of his account of Drayton in some remarks by Mr. Courthope in his "History of Poetry," which put a wrong construction on an episode in the poet's career and affect his literary honour. Fresh material has come to hand and is the excuse for restatement and defence. The problem is, however, as we have said, incidental, and it need not detain us here. Mr. Elton is more concerned with the larger matter of Drayton's position as a poet. "I find," he says, "more poetry in Drayton than Mr. Courthope can concede; and there are signs that the old poet is now coming to his rights."

Here Mr. Elton is perhaps too sceptical of the critical insight of the passing generation. We are tempted to say to him in the manner of Sir John Harington to the reader of his "Brief Apology," "Who hath dispraised Drayton?" For with the exception of Mr. Courthope, whose attitude may be very easily exaggerated and perhaps misconstrued, few of any critical competence have spoken despitefully of the poet. Hazlitt, it is true, said that "few flaunting flowers, the garden's pride," grow in Drayton; "nor," he added, "any poisonous weeds": but these words followed in metaphorical splendour on the not less splendid figure that "his mind is a rich marly soil that produces an abundant harvest and repays the husbandman's toil." We need not be reminded, again and again, of Goldsmith's Oriental who had "never heard of Drayton": and eighteenth century England need not be blamed for missing the "sanguine dye of his sweet Muse which ravished the rash gazer's eye" in the more spacious times. In that age, Drayton's own, writers took the measure of each other with a nice eye; and they said, satirically, of their fellow Michael that he lacked the true note of a poet, because he could not swagger it well in a tavern or domineer in a 'hothouse.' This recognition of the gentler qualities of his Muse has never been lost, and now that Elizabethan literature is a more complicated matter than appeared to certain foreign and home critics who heard nothing but the tramp and fireworks of its stage, the reputation of the poet is secure. Even the unprofessional reader has not forgotten him; and he is given comfortable corners in our anthologies. It is useless, and against all critical evidence, to hint that the author of the "Nymphidia" or the "Poly-Olbion" was by accident the author of the "Battle of Agincourt," and could not be the author of the immortal "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part." To have written these were enough for place of honour: to have expressed so fully the varied taste

* "Michael Drayton: A Critical Study. With a Bibliography." By Oliver Elton, M.A. 6s. net. (Constable and Co.)

and stir of his age, to have touched fancy, and patriotism, and learning, as he has done, should be sufficient warrant to all historians of English poetry.

Mr. Elton has supplied a very full Bibliography, which occupies nearly one-fourth of the volume. This is an additional commendation of an excellent book.

G. GREGORY SMITH.

FROUDE.*

It is rarely nowadays that one comes across a volume so broad of beam as Mr. Paul's "Life of Froude." One feels the need of a machine to grapple with a book which resembles in shape a Quaritch catalogue, and suggests three French novels bound in one, or Morley's "English Literature" in its most plethoric edition. Found among fossil remains, it would suggest a strange conformation of thumb and forefinger in the reader of the period. Upon a staid, historical bookshelf its title shows hardly at all upon the vast dorsal expanse, and it looks as much out of place as little Johnny the fat boy of Peckham in a class of average-sized human young. For a book in many ways so important and so attractive, this superfluity of tissue is a serious error; fortunately it is one that can easily be remedied in a subsequent edition.

Mr. Paul's presentation of Froude is a most vigorous and effective piece of brush work. The blow-flies who have settled on the historian's reputation will by it be rendered innocuous. The great writer and moralist will emerge in his true colours, and twenty years hence people will wonder at the apologetic tone of many of his biographer's periods. The early life is interesting, though not drawn on quite a sufficiently large scale to make it convincing. Like that of so many great men, Froude's childhood was unhappy; from infancy he was motherless. His father was a singularly morose type of archdeacon, who thought that the fool of the family—as Anthony was considered—ought to be made to feel his position. Like many other saintly heroes, Hurrell Froude did not turn his most amiable side to his younger brother, who might well have been excused for regarding him in the light of capricious bully. In points (we wonder if Mr. Paul has noticed it) the early life presents strange analogies with that of another Anthony, who from being the despised of family, masters, and boys, came to be a prosperous, prolific, and highly-popular novelist. In a similar atmosphere of contempt, Trollope and Froude seem to have stored their minds with the nutriment which proved most serviceable to them while their writing power was developing, as it were, in the dark. Froude's oscillations at Oxford are easy enough to explain. His historical ideas pulled one way, and his personal loyalty the other, until the final snap came, and the "Nemesis of Fate" was published, without, however, wholly dissevering the bond of affection which bound Froude to the great tractarian. As with Trollope, marriage and literary ambition were the beacon lights which saved Froude from futility. The rest of his life is passed in domestic happiness, book production, and travel, diversified by two cloud-bursts of calumny, concluding dramatically, however, with the triumphant return to Oxford, the last lectures, and the peaceful assumption of his rest with the blazon of "Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford" over his tomb.

Froude sees in Henry VIII. a beneficent instrument of destiny, and insensibly tries to extenuate his sins as a despot. We can allow for bias. Froude himself could have justified his hero better than he did had he begun his investigations earlier, in the fifteenth century. Mr. Paul does not seem happy in his mind about Henry VIII., and he returns to the subject circuitously again and again; but he will not succeed in explaining such a character to the modern newspaper reader. Tudor toleration, Tudor kingship, Tudor religion, and Tudor government embody conceptions alien to modern ideas, and very difficult for anyone at the present day to understand. Freeman impugned Froude's good faith in dealing with these subjects on the shallow ground of minor verbal inaccuracies. The extent to which the words accuracy and inaccuracy are bandied about at the present day by persons who have neither any use for strict accuracy nor any precise conception of what inaccuracy implies, is ludicrous in the extreme. If an historian tries to be thorough over a new territory and upon new material, he is practically certain to be inaccurate; it is merely a question of being found out. That there are scores of serious inaccuracies yet unrevealed both in Freeman and Froude we are morally convinced. But in the Mississippi of lies that we call History, what can a foam-bell or two more or less matter? We need to ask, not, Is such an historian accurate or inaccurate? but, Is he honest, is he learned? Has he imagination? Does he possess style? To go into the details of Freeman's attack on Froude is to be covered with confusion and shame for the pettiness of human nature. One of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century devotes the best years of his life to painting the finest historical picture that England possesses—that of the defeat of the Invincible Armada. The chief among contemporary English historians, in the popular view, uses his best energies to stigmatise him as a sciolist and a pretender, because in this superb painting he has inserted an erroneous name upon the bows of one of the vessels. What is worse, he succeeds in convincing historians, both at home and abroad, that Froude is subject to a kind of disease of misrepresentation (the famous *maladie de Froude*). The docility with which historians without any independent investigation of their own followed this uncharitable lead is discreditable, the more so inasmuch as Freeman himself, owing to his blind prejudices, is prone to historical errors, in comparison with which those of Froude are venial. The eventual discovery that the name of the ship as given by Froude was perfectly right all along is humorous, but irrelevant. The genesis of such a peculiar spite in an historian who had so many great qualities as Freeman is rather a painful subject. It was plainly, however, in part theological, in part due to a certain obtuse pedantry of the man who, in an election address to Somersetshire rustics, could not refrain from dragging in a reference to Ptolemy Euergetes. An uneasy sense of Froude's superiority in point of style and historic imagination was carried beyond the control of an irritable man by a sense of schoolmasterly superiority in regard to the names, dates, and places of universal history. The episode is really a painful one, but to Mr. Paul are due the thanks of all honest men for his courage and ability in exhibiting the real facts, and to Mr. James Rye for his energy in collecting the materials upon which Mr. Paul's case is to a large extent based.

The Carlyle dispute is interesting in a similar way because it is typical and because it took place upon the large stage upon which most of Froude's wonderful achievements were exhibited. It represents the antagonism which is implicit and inevitable between the friends and relations and the biographer of a great man. The difficulty arises from a difference of estimate. The relatives always say in effect that he is not great enough to stand the whole truth. The biographer, if he is a man of such calibre as Froude, maintains that he is. Discretion is a smooth and pleasant thing, but where really big game is concerned, I think that Prince Posterity will prefer Froude, or even (*longo intervallo*) Moore, to that "Harumfrodite" kind of biographer who thinks that he can efface all the bad and perpetuate all the good.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "The Life of Froude." By Herbert Paul. Two portraits and index. 16s. (Pitman.)

THE THEATROCRAT.*

"As a fresco in the series of my Testaments, and in order to bring home the matter contained in them by a closer application to life than is possible in dramatic monologue . . . . . I wrote in the autumn of 1904 'The Theatrocrat: a Tragic Play of Church and Stage.'" "A closer application to life"—such, then, was one of Mr. Davidson's aims in writing "The Theatrocrat," and none is more essential to a play of serious interest. There is but one difficulty—what is life? And to answer this question Mr. Davidson has devoted his energy, his enthusiasm, and his gifts throughout his book. It should follow then that on his answer to this enigma the reader must lay the burden, if dissent he must from the play as a play. And yet, so alien from life, as one conceives it, is the effect produced, that the author's conception does not seem to have influenced his tragedy more than superficially, and that only to its detriment. For the atmosphere of "The Theatrocrat" is that of a dream,

* "The Theatrocrat." By John Davidson. 5s. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

dappled, as it were, by glimpses of broadest daylight. It suggests the atmosphere of the drama of the later Elizabethans. The sense of unreality and phantasy that steals over the reader is irresistible. And telephone, motor-car, and americanism serve only to prove that he is dreaming. This is due partly, perhaps, to the rare qualities of the verse, partly to the author's intense personality, but in a greater degree, we think, to the very motive that suggested drama for his medium. We feel that their creator delighted, not in his creatures themselves, moving across the silent stage of his imagination, but in the opinions he was prompting. They, at least, can never rise and accuse their maker of any tendency to anthropomorphosis. He is Fate, indifferent, unapproachable; brooding over the transitory scene. Their speeches made, the thesis expounded, annihilation is their goal.

But although none of the characters steps at any time once for all from dream into bright reality, there are many swift, dramatic touches in the play. In Warwick Groom's fine, heightened speeches, for instance. We stand face to face, too, a moment with Europa Troop; and with Boulder, the commissionaire:—

"I hissed myself.
I beg your pardon: I could no more keep
From hissing than I could from crying out
When once a dervish stabbed me at Khartoum.
The gallery felt the same; I asked those near
What set them on it, and they said they heard
A hideous hiss that made them hiss like hell."

But the Bishop of St. James's; how willingly would we barter him with all his eloquence and his splendid imagery for another commissionaire—*and* another Testament! For "the play's the thing." Indeed, this very odd Bishop is the Dramatic Monologue that Mr. Davidson intended to supplant. How could he thus have ignored his own creatures' desperate appeal for life and consciousness had he not concentrated his energies elsewhere?

And that "elsewhere" is the poet's Introduction. It is an immense prologue where the theme is mainly the author, and the author's message "to the generation knocking at the door." It cries aloud for readers. It appeals to a public far beyond meek poetry's surmise. It is candid; and in the larger sense, that seems much too large for convenience, it is profoundly immoral. It comes about one's ears like a swarm of bees; and sometimes sweet of the hive. Were there ever so many aggressive, capricious, destructive assertions in so few pages? so many indiscriminate violences? Mr. Davidson's is a gospel of Intellect—beatified Materialism. But it seems rather a forlorn fire to warm one's bones at in this cold world.

"Here we are left
Unfriended on the surface, far from home;
But that imagination which we are,
Betrayed and lost on this outlandish earth,
Believes itself to blame."

So says the Bishop, and offers a panacea—"Be matter pure as flame!"

One thing, at any rate, remains unassailable—Mr. Davidson's poetry. His theme allowing, all his mastery returns.

"What call have I to go?"
"The call of night
By sleepless fancies heard and souls set free.
The forest calls you in your blood and brain:
Like spell-bound tides the billowy woodlands sleep;
Through labyrinthine thickets pencilled beams
Explode in silvery silence; far withdrawn
Behind the darknesses of clustered boles
The emerald forest moonshine glances clear,
Imprisoned wells of light. Come, Martha, come."

"I mean to spend my fortune and my life
In the high service of imagination
For England's sake and man's."

Forgotten sinks all resentment against the Bishop of St. James's when his voice rings with echoes like that.

Then why must Mr. Davidson ventriloquise? "Message" and play had better have parted company. The benefit would have been mutual. Tragedy needs a prologue less than good wine a bush. WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE LAST CRUSADE.*

Mr. Holman Hunt tells of the fight for Pre-Raphaelitism and how the field was won, and it seems as if some survivor of the battle of the dragon's sons were telling the story of the fray; how Cadmus threw the stone in their midst and the warriors turned their arms one against the other. They were, indeed, brothers in arms, and the confusion is strange when we find the Protestant poet of "The Saint's Tragedy" gibing at painters whose works illustrate his declaration of the sanctities of home, and who convert Mediæval art to a Puritan strain; when we find the author of "Alton Locke" at variance with the painters of "Christ in the House of His Parents" and "The Shadow of Death," pictures which seem to illustrate some fusion of the Gospel of Poverty of St. Francis of Assisi and Carlyle's Gospel of Work. We hear again how Dickens joined the savage attack on the young artists. Yet it was to Dickens Mr. Hunt owed the inspiration of his picture, "The Awakened Conscience"—which was to be seen last year in the remarkable exhibition of Victorian Art at the Whitechapel Gallery—and Rossetti's one modern picture, "Found," and his poem of great pathos, "Jenny," are further illustrations of the powerful thought transference in contemporary minds.

Whether it "rends the mist of devious symbols," in Rossetti's art, or pictures legendary lore in the art of Burne-Jones; whether it paints nature "as in a looking-glass" in the early work of Millais, or "folds its hands to pray" in the art of Holman Hunt, Pre-Raphaelitism is, in all its manifestations, very much a literary art. The man who thinks in terms of paint is not, in his maturity, a Pre-Raphaelite; not Mauve, lover of Nature for herself alone; not Rembrandt, king of Shadows; not masters of Melody, Corot or Whistler, or—we will "drag in"—Velasquez. But when a painter is shackled by the literary idea we may find in his work some brief chronicle of the time. It is precisely its quality as an illustrative art that gives Pre-Raphaelitism interest for students of the Romantic movement in Europe. "'Tis Sixty Years Since" might almost have been a subtitle adapted from "Waverley" to Mr. Hunt's book, and at that distance of time, it is said, events are far enough from us to have acquired a certain picturesque colouring, while the participants are still, to us, living and intelligible. At some distance of time we can see the due relations of the whole; while Mr. Hunt has naturally the partial view of an actor in the scene and a man who has made the history.

Mr. Hunt does himself some injustice in throwing his reminiscences into dialogue. He does not allow other Pre-Raphaelites to have much to say, so the dialogue too often becomes a monologue, and an interjection of "my dear fellow!" fails to give verisimilitude. Upon one occasion the monologue is assigned to Carlyle, and although doubtless we have the gist of the matter, we feel there is too much Pre-Raphaelite insistence upon detail. There is a relief in the scene, however, in the presentation of Mrs. Carlyle, who nodded her head at the painter and signed to him to be silent while Carlyle criticised his picture, "The Light of the World."

The story is re-told how Mr. Hunt painted this picture in an old orchard, working there when there was a moon through the long bitter cold hours of night. There was a haunted avenue to the farmhouse where he lived, and the painter, keeping vigil, was told to beware of phantoms. Once, at midnight, he heard a rustling of dead leaves and saw a mysterious presence, and cried to the thing of night, "Who are you?"

"The village policeman appeared. I said, 'I thought you were the ghost.' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, that's what I thought of you,' said the policeman. Henceforth, he was a nightly visitor, and accepted my tobacco while he chatted to me."

A critic said, "If Holman Hunt were painting a picture in which Everton toffee were introduced, he would go to Everton to paint it to make sure of representing the article under best local conditions."

To obtain true local colour Mr. Hunt's later Scriptural pictures were painted in the East. The picture of "The Scapegoat" was painted on the shores of the Dead Sea. The first scapegoat died on Mr. Hunt's hands, and it is satisfactory to know it gave a good deal of trouble on the fatiguing and dangerous journey to the desolate shore.

"I had brought the goat to serve as my model on the spot. All the way he was provokingly blatant; he walked and was carried in turns; in either position his object seemed to be to attract attention—the very reverse of our own. But probably the disturbed state of the country, added to the people's fear of *effreets*, was a protection to us."

* "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." By W. Holman Hunt. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

Horsemen of a hostile tribe came upon Mr. Hunt's amazing encampment in the wilderness. Surely, they agreed, the white goat is led over this ground to charm it, and the man is a magician!

When the picture was brought home, the picture dealer, Mr. Gambart, a foreigner, came to see it, and was as puzzled by the subject as the Arabs:—

"There is an account of the animal in the Bible," he was told.

"I never heard of it."

"English people read it, more or less, and they would all understand the story of the beast being driven into the wilderness."

"You are mistaken. No one would know anything about it, and if I bought the picture, it would be left on my hands. Now," said the dealer, "my wife is English; there is a friend, an English girl, in the carriage with her. We will ask them up; we will see."

The ladies were introduced into the room.

"Oh, how pretty! What is it?" they asked.

"It is the Scapegoat," I said.

There was a pause. "Oh, yes," they commented to one another, "it is a peculiar goat; you can see by the ears, they droop so."

The dealer, nodding with a smile towards me, said to them: "It is in the wilderness."

The ladies: "Is that the wilderness, now? Are you intending to introduce any others of the flock?"

A certain quaint simplicity in the tale of his early years is not the least pleasing part of Mr. Hunt's story, and when we brush the dust of controversy aside, now and again we seem to get a glimpse of some Happy Warrior of the olden time. Thackeray says the artist wins graceful victories, the palette on his arm his great shield of many colours, his sheaf of brushes the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. The most stirring adventures we read of in Mr. Hunt's book were undertaken in devoted service to the "Nature" not always benignant to the passionate pilgrim. But Mr. Hunt's letters from the East, printed in William Bell Scott's Life, have made us rather think of him as of some palmer strayed from a distant age into the Holy Land, and, with a volume of Renan in his pocket, bent on confuting heresy; and the book of reminiscences he has now given us will have value to some, perhaps, not only as a contribution to the history of Art in the modern state, but as a record of the Last Crusade.

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

THE VENICE OF MR. CRAWFORD AND MR. PENNELL.*

Up from the burning South, from Sicily and the Italian Greeks, Mr. Crawford has travelled now to Venice, taking us along with him not reluctantly. His draughtsman is Joseph Pennell, whose clear sight, firm touch, and side glances into visions of dim-fading or fantastic splendours, tempt us to drop our reading, to put away reviewing, and to dream over the great picture-book, as if once more at home in those waterways, those *calli*, those nooks and corners crowded with romance that bring visibly before us the "Arabian Nights," transplanted to the lagoons of Adria. It is a unique subject. Comparisons will be made with earlier pens and famous pencils, but not by me. I prefer to enjoy these volumes, and do not find it easy to write about them. Praise of Mr. Crawford's qualities as a guide among the Italian scenes and stories which he knows by such intimate experience, would be almost impertinent. He does not undertake a formal history; though often grave he is never dull; and his judgments on men and things are his own. After acquaintance with many literatures, with East and West, with art in its multiplied facets, he remains an American, though certainly no democrat, by a sort of gliding touch, passing over the surface rather than piercing beneath it. He keeps in view an educated but still an essentially popular audience. His readers are not supposed to be students; they want amusement, and will be always turning the leaves for the next picture. He must catch them on the wing.

I am glad to see that this graceful story-teller commends Mr. Hazlitt's "Venetian Republic," which came out five years ago. For himself, Mr. Crawford quotes the original authorities, public and private, from Romanin to Sanudo; he is cautious, though not sceptical; and he clears away the stage properties, Byronic legends or what not, which had overgrown the tragedy of Faliero, the Foscari, the Council of Ten, the State Inquisitors. Enough is left, when we seize the truth, to furnish our world with amazing situations, brilliant or dark, not exhausted till the hour of Venice rang out and the curtain fell. Old Dandolo lives for us again; and Carlo Zeno, Pisani, Carmagnola, Frangipane and his heroic wife Apollonia, fill most lively pages, to the glory or the shame of Venice. Bianca Capello strikes us once more with astonishment, discreetly as her tale is told. For Mr. Crawford observes the Puritan rule of expurgation when he has to deal with unwholesome persons, however loftily-placed; all his wicked people appear in domino. He delights to enlarge on humorous and magnificent details, such as the "Compagnia della Calza," the "Hose Club," affords in its quaint career. Things too well known—for instance, the life of Titian—he hardly touches upon.

But when Venice becomes in her decline "the mask of Italy," and all is vain luxurious show, his fancy lingers, not without censure, yet a little complacently, on the smiling decadence. By temper as romantic as by taste he is classical in the high meaning of both epithets, Mr. Crawford, if he were a good hater, would trample on the century that began with Voltaire and ended with a French Revolution. He does not love the Venice which, after Morosini, lost its possessions to the Turk and lived the life of a courtesan. But as a spectacle it feeds him with colour and movement; as an ignoble Fifth Act it stirs his indignation. He judges with undazzled good sense the brigandage of Bonaparte, and is not to be taken in by grandiose claptrap. Yet who could be patient with Manin, last of one hundred and twenty Doges, or with his mean-spirited Great Council? On January 18th, 1798, the Austrian garrison took possession of Venice. The city dated its foundation from Lady Day, 421. There has never been another like it; and perhaps there never will be. For us it has all the charm of a magic vision that stays fixed above the sea, while the centuries come and go. The modern tourist will forget its heroes and its conquests; but he is subdued by what his eyes fasten upon, by Titian's colour, Veronese's festal groupings, the picturesque of Tintoretto; by St. Mark's, La Salute, the Grand Canal, Murano, Chioggia, and the lights and glooms which Turner made his own. Something of all this we meet in our two volumes, easily, pleasantly rendered. They set up no pretension to vie with Ruskin. But they contain much that everyone who has learned to know Venice will value and admire.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Gleanings from Venetian History." By Francis Marion Crawford. With 225 Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. In two volumes. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

"YOUNG GERMANY."*

To agree with the critic, or to differ from him is easy; to criticise him is more difficult; most difficult of all is it to do all three at one and the same time, an attitude we always feel bound to assume towards Brandes. We welcome the freshness of his ideas, we are irritated by his insistence in season and out of season on arbitrary comparison, and seldom find his florid style and the inconsequential arrangement of his material to our taste.

"Young Germany" is the sixth and last volume of Brandes' great critical work, "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," a work in which it is his aim to outline a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by elucidating the significance of the chief groups and movements in European literature. "Young Germany" embraces the years 1815-1848, a period influenced directly by the work of Heine and Börne, indirectly by Goethe's poetry and philosophy of life. During the years 1815 to 1830 there was more or less stagnation; the revolution of Italy electrified public feeling, and it is typified in the work of Börne and of Heine, the first German authors to whom the epithet modern may fairly be applied. They brought to life, so to speak, a group of young authors, known by the name of Young Germany, who desired to assimilate literature with life, to subvert existing religions and moral doctrines, to introduce a freer morality in the matter of marriage and divorce, and a new species of pantheistic piety. They form the central point of the story, with Heine and Börne in the immediate background, Goethe's shade hovering in the far-off distance, while in the foreground are Freiligrath and Sallett and Prutz,

* "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." By George Brandes. Vol. VI. Young Germany. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

the heralds of the storm of 1848. The most striking thing about this period in Germany is perhaps the extraordinary influence exercised on men of letters by women, and yet

"Not one of the few great women who ruled men's minds during the period under consideration produced a work of art; not one of them even attempted to. Their literary influence was a directly personal influence, and their power of stirring men's minds was evidently due to the fact that something of the inmost essence of the period was expressed in their personalities. Their natures are unplastic, evasive; the contours of their spiritual lives are blurred and indistinct; this makes it difficult to delineate their characters, but makes it all the easier to feel the pulse of the time in their utterances.

"They help us to arrive at the result that the idea which shapes the lives of the most noble characters of this period, and which makes itself felt in the resistence they offered to the worship of rule and the tyranny of custom, is the idea that the one course worthy of a thinking, feeling, human being is independently and unconventionally to interpret human life, human relations, for himself, and to base his conduct on his own interpretation."

There is no more interesting reading in the history of world-literature than the story of Jeannette Wohl, of Rahel, of Bettina, of Henriette Herz, of Charlotte Stieglitz. From the psychological standpoint, these women offer a most attractive field of study. Notwithstanding their sensibility, their powerful influence over men, their scorn of ordinary conventions, not one of them transgressed the laws of society. They worshipped genius with an enthusiasm that is nowadays scarcely comprehensible, they did no manner of work, were seriously annoyed if anyone referred to them as "learned," they believed, and so did their admirers, that inspiration could dispense with knowledge. They found no sacrifice too great for the sake of their enthusiasm or of those they loved, and the culminating point of self-abnegation was surely reached by Charlotte Stieglitz, who committed suicide because she believed that a great sorrow would reawaken the genius of the husband she so greatly overrated, and give his poetry new themes. Charlotte married her hero, her comrades contented themselves with a less substantial alliance. Among the papers of Börne's muse, Jeannette Wohl, was found a service-book such as German employés are bound to keep. On its cover stands Börne's name. On the first page is written: "Took service when? 15 *Jan.*, 1818. With whom? *Frau Wohl.* For how long? *For ever.* In what capacity? *As friend.* Left service when? *On the day of his death.*" We must not, however, allow ourselves to be led away by this attractive theme; we must refer our readers to the book itself.

The very detailed comparison between Heine and Goethe as lyrical poets might, we venture to think, have been dispensed with. It is surely unnecessary for a critic to state that it would have been impossible for Heine to write certain poems of Goethe. Why should it have been possible for him to do so? Heine was Heine; he was not Goethe. When Brandes is content to accept that inevitable fact, he says some very acute things about Heine. He notes his extraordinary power of condensation, "without parallel in poetry," and of expressing complex modern feeling, together with his graphic, perspicuous style.

Space does not permit us, unhappily, to do justice to the banquet which Brandes sets before us. We should like to enlarge on Immermann, who in "Der Oberhof" inaugurated the peasant tale which has undergone, and especially in Germany, such marvellous developments; on the development of political poetry in the hands of men like Freiligrath, Hoffmann, Prutz, Hartmann, and Sallett; on the influence of Byron on the whole period; on the influence of Hegel, and on the evolution of modern philosophy. If the literature of a country is the expression of the soul of the people in its varying moods, and whatever the critical standpoint, we can hardly wholly deny that it is so, we can scarcely imagine a better guide than Brandes to the right understanding of that view of the connection between literature and life. ELIZABETH LEE.

OCCASIONAL VERSE.*

For the occasional there is often not the least occasion, and the occasional poet above all men takes up his task under a terrible handicap. The Duke of Wellington, in an incident that only recently came to light, once presented his compliments to Mr. Thomas Creevy, and thanked him for his kind offer, but "he had no occasion for a Newfoundland dog." Too often, especially in later literary history, our feeling towards the poetry that celebrates a particular event is that of the Duke. Everything, of course, depends upon the event. If it be really inspiring, so much the better for the poet. If he fails, then on his own head be it. But the official calls upon a Laureate, for the most part, make us heartily sorry both for him and his Muse, thus compelled to foot the treadmill of dactyl, spondee, or anapæst for an hour or so, that his yearly seventy-five pounds sterling and his butt of claret may be honestly earned. It is not every day that a charge of the Light Brigade, and in a less degree the burial of Great Dukes who have no occasion for Newfoundland dogs, permit him to do something for posterity as well as for his salary. In a sense, of course, all verse is occasional. "A sonnet," said Rossetti, "is a moment's monument," but that is the ultra-spiritual and rightly poetical view. He was too wise, too true an artist to inscribe on his monuments what Wordsworth's conscientiously descriptive hand brought perilously near to the epitaph. Wordsworth's sonnets did indeed capture the emotion on the wing; but the lumbering title too often forces them to the conceit of the deliberately occasional, where the reader would otherwise have forgotten it, to his and the poem's great gain.

But the intentional has in the hands of genius so enriched the world's poetry that the minor failures are scarcely considerable. Never was the mere occasion more perfectly improved than in Moschus' "Lament for Bion," and its lineal descendant "Lycidas." Of the former, by the way, Leigh Hunt's translation is far less known than it deserves to be, and no anthology of Elegiac verse can afford to miss it; for, apart from its fidelity to the original, it has qualities as an English poem that place it far above the rest of the same writer's work. But these are side issues hardly germane to the theme. English occasional verse began as soon as England found a great poet, and since Chaucer's "Boke of the Duchesse," the tradition of the "poem in celebration" has remained vital, every century bequeathing us some things that are memorable. Captive James of Scotland, looking from his prison window at Windsor upon Lady Jane Beaufort, made the moment immortal. Sir David Lyndsay knew how to increase the gaiety of the Scottish Court with the broadly scandalous epigram. Sidney turned a perfect Epithalamium, and in the "Prothalamium" on the wedding of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester and his own "Epithalamium," that intoxication of ecstasy ardent, noble, and pure, as Hallam called it, Spenser wrought passionate masterpieces in ivory and gold. No modern poet, it is to be feared (views on marriage being what they are), will achieve the like for his own discredited nuptials. For Herrick the lightest occasion sufficed, and he was always more than equal to it. Did an epidemic threaten, why then he must write "to the Fever, not to trouble Julia"; or "Julia unlacing herself," unlocks the precious casket of his skill in rare perfumes—

> "This camphine, storax, spikenard, galbanum,
> These musks, these ambers."

He is inspired even by "Patrick, a footman" (Jeames's day was still remote, but the Neo-Celts will rejoice that Patrick was first in the field), and failing other themes he can always rhyme wittily "Upon Himself." Milton's supreme occasion has been noted, but he had others—"The Late Massacre in Piedmont," "At a Solemn Music," and that "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which glorifies for all time the dull round of college exercises, if college exercise it was. Newdigate and Chancellor's Prizemen, hide your diminished heads.

But "what has this to do with Dionysus?" The call to order of the Athenian play-goers may very well bring us back to the new Cambridge edition of Matthew Prior's "Poems on Several Occasions," which begin, curiously enough, with a college exercise, an ode on Exodus iii. 14. This first volume is edited with much scholarly care by Mr. A. R. Waller, whose name, by the bye, recalls another prince of occasional versifiers, Edmund of that ilk, who understood his vocation so well that in his lines "To the Queen" he adds "*occasioned* upon sight of her Majesty's picture." In Prior, point and learned allusion supply what is lacking in

* "Poems on Several Occasions: Matthew Prior." Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. Cambridge English Classics. 4s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: The University Press.)

imagination; but for all his artificiality, that is so sprightly that he is still readable, perhaps more so than his greater contemporaries. Unlike the minor poets of to-day, Prior did not try to be in advance of his time. He is, in fact, a sort of microcosm of the Age of Anne; doing, with neatness and dispatch, all the familiar feats of his betters. Somehow, he always "pulls it off" (the slang is inevitable), and to know him is to love him, for the time of reading, at any rate, if not for ever.

Of very recent English occasional verse there is not much to be said. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith have seldom been above themselves, when they sought the moment rather than let it seek them; Mr. Watson fared better when he was not actually hurling elegant Billingsgate at the Yildiz; Mr. Kipling has been uncertain. But he triumphed at least once, when he discovered that even so flat a theme as the Diamond Jubilee might, by inverse suggestion, provide the supreme occasion. So he looked not at the pageant, but at its imaginative aftermath, and gave us his "Recessional." Herewith we do well to be content. J. D. SYMON.

LETTERS OF HASTINGS.*

After a trial extending over seven years, Warren Hastings was acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The majority in his favour was sweeping. It was followed, as a matter of course, by a revulsion of public feeling. Those who had been led to regard him as a monster of iniquity now treated him as they would have treated an outraged archangel. When, long afterwards, he was called to the Bar of the House of Commons to give evidence on Indian affairs, the members were struck with remorse on being thus reminded of his former appearance there. They received him, says Macaulay, with acclamations, ordered a chair to be set for him, and, when he retired, rose and uncovered. This was eight years after the curious meeting of Hastings and his old foe Sheridan in the Regent's Pavilion at Brighton. The delightful Mr. Creevey, who records the encounter, remarks that Sheridan "lost no time in attempting to cajole old Hastings, begging him to believe that any part he had taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself, etc., etc., upon which old Hastings said with great gravity that 'it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more publick'; but Sheridan was obliged to mutter and get out of such an engagement as well as he could."

Posterity has not behaved so handsomely as the House of Commons, or so hypocritically as Sheridan. Ever ready to look with suspicion upon a man who has suffered the ignominy of trial, however triumphant his vindication, we have tacitly agreed to label Hasting as a mixture of hero and rogue in equal proportions. Miss Grier is stirred to righteous indignation by the blunder, and blames Macaulay for enticing us into error. No doubt she has laid the responsibility on the proper shoulders, though, as I would suggest, some allowance must be made for the propensity of civilised man to confuse misfortune with guilt. Macaulay's famous essay is indeed a magnificent bit of special pleading. It makes so seductive a show of fairness and even magnanimity that no wonder the schoolboy is entrapped into an impression of Hastings which maturer reading—or lack of it—fails to remove.

In "The Great Proconsul"—a book which suffered somewhat from being cast in the form of fiction—Miss Grier has struck one gallant blow for Hastings' memory. In the present volume she attempts another. With infinite conscientiousness, she has transcribed, introduced and annotated the letters written by Hastings to his second wife, which are preserved in the British Museum. This second Mrs. Hastings, it will be remembered, was the Baroness Imhoff, who had been divorced by her complaisant Baron in pursuance of a friendly agreement with Hastings. Mrs. Hastings appears to have been not only a charming, but a highly intelligent woman of not a little independence of mind. If it was not already obvious from the history of their love, it is rendered abundantly clear from this correspondence that she and Hastings had a deep affection for each other, founded on the rock of mutual respect.

And that is all, or nearly all, the letters prove. Anybody who expects to find in them further light on the character of the great Governor-General will be disappointed. They are occupied to a large extent with expressions of this same deep affection; to a surprising extent with wailings and lamentations over the writer's varying states of mind and frequent fits of depression; hardly at all with the tremendous affairs which were the main concern of his existence. Not, of course, in style, but in spirit, they remind one of the melancholy outpourings of Carlyle. Arrangements for travel; assurances of his misery in the absence of "dearest Marian"; fond and almost pathetic word-pictures of the happiness which is to be theirs when re-united; allusions to friends and instructions—perhaps we should say suggestions—of many kinds: these are their chief contents. Supposing the reader did not know that the writer was Warren Hastings, he would hastily conclude him to be an honest, rather stupid, much-worried, minor servant of State; a good man doubtless, but not the central figure of an historical drama; not an unscrupulous self-seeker, certainly not a hero. He would also rest in the assurance, would this rash reader, that Mr. Hastings, though an affectionate and happy husband, was just a little afraid of his wife!

The letters are none the less interesting because they practically ignore the wider issues of the writer's life. Personally, I would rather have their grave statement of trivialities than double the volume of self-conscious pomposities. For they increase while they illuminate the difficulties of the eternal problem of human character. Here is a man who writes as though he were the manager of a country bank, while his energies are really devoted to nothing less than the building up of an Empire. Could anything be more fascinating to the student of personality?

It should be added that Miss Grier has a generous conception of the duty of an editor. She prefaces each letter with a long explanation, and does not allow the smallest detail to escape her eye. Prince Hal, had he been a reader, might have complained there was an intolerable deal of editing to a ha'porth of matter. But, as all is readable, we need not grumble. The portraits are a welcome addition to the book. Hoffner's picture of Hastings might have been preferred, however, to the poor endeavours of Dewis and Stubbs. THOMAS LLOYD.

* "The Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife." Introduced and Annotated by Sydney C. Grier. 15s. net. (Blackwood.)

CONCERNING THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE.*

When Mr. Wilkins claims that "the extraordinary secrecy that surrounds the marriage (of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the Prince of Wales, after George IV.), the fact that it was twice denied in the House of Commons, the persistence of the rumour that assailed its existence, the religious and constitutional questions involved by the marriage of the heir-apparent to the throne with a Roman Catholic lady of good but not royal birth," combine to make it one of the most interesting events in the history of the House of Hanover, it is easy to assent. It is true, however, that much of the interest has gone, because it has always been assumed that the marriage did take place. Indeed, it was believed while George IV. was alive, for Mrs. Fitzherbert was tacitly accorded the position of morganatic wife; and any doubts that may have lingered in some minds were removed when William IV. insisted upon her assuming the royal liveries, and, with his consort, received her always *en famille*.

The facts have been kept secret for over a hundred years, for Mrs. Fitzherbert promised her husband she would never acknowledge the marriage during his life-time; and sorely tempted as she must have been when her good name was assailed, her loyalty was equal to the strain put upon it. Yet it is right that the story should be told in detail once for all, supported by documents, the authenticity of which is undeniable. It has long been known that Mrs. Fitzherbert deposited at Coutt's Bank in 1833 a bundle of papers; and it is these, now in the private archives at Windsor Castle, that, by permission of His Majesty the King, are here for the first time printed. The most important of these are:

(1) The marriage certificate, dated December 15th, 1785,

* "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." By W. H. Wilkins, M.A. 2 vols. 36s. (Longmans.)

and mutilated by the excision of the signature of the witnesses, John Smythe, the bride's brother, and Henry Errington, her uncle, which was done because they were liable to the penalties—whatever they may then have been—of the Act of Premunire.

(2) A letter to the Prince of Wales from the Rev. Robert Burt, asking for preferment, and given by the Prince to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who endorsed it: "The writer of this letter, the Rev. Mr. Burt, is the clergyman that performed the ceremony of marriage of H.R.H. the Prince and of Mrs. Fitzherbert. (Signed) Maria Fitzherbert."

(3) A will, dated January 10th, 1796, written in his own hand, and signed "George P.," in which occurs this passage: "In this, my last Will and Testament, I now bequeath, give and settle at my death all my worldly property of every description, denomination and sort, personal and other, to my Maria Fitzherbert, my Wife, the Wife of my heart and soul, although by the laws of this country she could not avail herself publicly of that name. Still such she is in the eyes of Heaven, was, is, and ever will be in mine. And for the truth of which assertion I appeal to that gracious God Whom I have here invited to witness this, my last deposition of my property, etc., together with such explanations and declarations as are necessary for me to make, to enable me to quit this life with a clear conscience, and even without a sigh, except at the thought of leaving Her (and perhaps, too, without receiving the blessing of her forgiveness), who is my real and true Wife, and who is dearer to me, even a million times dearer to me, than the life I am going to resign."

Of course, according to the law of England, the marriage was invalid, since, by the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, no member of the royal family under the age of twenty-five can contract a matrimonial alliance without the consent of the sovereign. On the other hand, it was held to be good and true by the canon law of the Church of Rome, of which community Mrs. Fitzherbert was a member; and when, after marrying Caroline of Brunswick, George desired to return to "his wife in the sight of God," and Mrs. Fitzherbert submitted the case to Rome, a Papal Brief, sealed with the seal of the Fisherman, declared her to be his wife, and permitted her to return to him if he repented of his evil ways. An interesting point consequently has arisen for discussion—whether, if the ceremony had been openly announced, George would have forfeited the crown under the Act of Settlement, which forbids the union between royalty in the line of succession with a Roman Catholic. The question is, Did the Royal Marriage Act, by declaring marriages contracted in defiance of it null and void *ab initio*, render that clause of the Act of Settlement inoperative in such cases? and often as the case has been argued by those versed in constitutional law, no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. Valid or invalid, Mrs. Fitzherbert regarded the ceremony as binding; George, in spite of his vows and protestation, only did so until it suited his convenience to do otherwise. He married Mrs. Fitzherbert because he loved her; he married Caroline because he wanted money, which he could not obtain otherwise. He hated his wife, who was not the wisest or most tactful of women, and persecuted her, accusing her of unfaithfulness, to which came her reply: "I can conscientiously declare that I was never guilty of misconduct except once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband." A courtier told him of the death of Napoleon in these words: "Sire, I have to announce that your Majesty's greatest enemy is dead." "Is she, by God!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Wilkins' interesting volumes contain much more than the particulars of the Fitzherbert marriage. He has much to say of George—especially, of course, in relation to that lady. He is inclined to think less badly of the Prince than Thackeray, who expressed his opinion in the famous lecture; or Landor, who introduced him into his well-known epigram on the House of Hanover:

> "When George the Fourth from earth descended,
> The Lord be praised, the Georges ended."

Rightly enough, Mr. Wilkins dwells on the temptations that assailed the Prince of Wales, which were not counterbalanced by an unhappy upbringing and a father who hated him. He says that in his youth George was affectionate, warm-hearted, generous—he adds regretfully that these qualities deserted him in later days when surrounded by vicious companions; and he admits also that he was untruthful, reckless, and dissipated, a blasphemer, a gambler, and a drunkard. And this is the character of the First Gentleman in Europe drawn by an apologist! It is said that when he was fifteen, Bishop Hurd, his tutor, was asked for an opinion of his charge. "I can hardly tell," the divine replied; "he will be either the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe—possibly both." Mr. Wilkins believes he was both, but surely not many will agree with him. It is difficult to regard as a polished gentleman one who was unreliable as a friend, and as unfaithful to his beloved wife, whom twice he deserted for frail beauties, as he was to his lawful consort. With the exception of Sir Walter Scott, who was a monarchist of very pronounced opinions, there is no one who had a good word for this Prince, save the Iron Duke, who, declaring him to be a singular compound of good and bad qualities, thought that, *perhaps*, "on the whole the good predominated."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A DOLEFUL DIARY.*

In the previous three series of the Diary of Henry Greville, the writer revealed himself plainly as a man socially agreeable and in request amongst the great Whig families with which he was allied, an habitual diner-out and visitor to the country houses of his noble relatives and friends, an observer, full of interest and curiosity in the public and private affairs that occupied the minds and conversation of his associates, and a tireless recorder of all that he saw and heard. His position, that of a small Court official, a gentleman usher, enabled him to witness many royal pageants and palace ceremonies, but gave him no such opportunity as that enjoyed by his elder and much cleverer brother Charles to observe the inner working and secret motives of the politics of the day. The pages of the diary, now before us, very judiciously and unostentatiously edited by the diarist's niece, Alice, Countess of Strafford—the "Alice Enfield" frequently mentioned in the text—present a more sombre picture than the earlier ones. In December, 1861, when the present volume commences, Henry Greville was growing elderly, and his views of the future were less hopeful than before. War between the United States and England seemed inevitable, owing to the Slidell and Mason incident, and, as those who were living at the time recollect, the sympathies of the Englishmen with whom Greville would mix were almost violently in favour of the South in the great war of Secession then in progress. It is but forty-four years ago; but how the world has changed since then! In entry after entry Greville speaks of the "insolence" and "impudence" of the States for daring to resent the attitude adopted towards the Federal Government by England. Again and again the opinion is expressed, not only by Greville himself, but by such men as Oliphant and other close observers, that the Union must break up. The only person of Greville's set who was keen enough to see, and bold enough to predict the present issue of events was Fanny Kemble, whose eloquent and clever letters from America to the diarist are almost prophetic in the correctness of their views. We hear also much of French politics, at a time when Napoleon III. was held by society in England to be the future dictator of Europe, and Prussia to have been hopelessly beaten in the diplomatic struggle. The Flauhaults were Greville's closest friends, both at the time when M. de Flauhault was Ambassador in England and afterwards—Madame de Flauhault, the present Lord Lansdowne's grandmother, is recalled, by the way, by the present reviewer in his early youth as a fine old Highland lady of ancient lineage, who spoke both French and English with a strong Scottish accent. From the Flauhaults Greville got much of the gossip of the Court of the Tuileries during the apogee and decline of the second empire; and the present pages cover also that strenuous time, when, to the horror of the old-fashioned Whigs like Greville, Gladstone broke away first from Palmerstonian tradition, and demanded that Parliamentary reform should be a reality and not a sham. From day to day are here recorded the stirring events of the defeat of the Liberal Reform Bill in 1866, and the "dishing of the Whigs," by Disraeli's Reform Bill of the following year, as they struck a rapidly-ageing Whig of the most aristocratic

* "Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville." Edited by Alice, Countess of Strafford. Fourth Series. 14s. (Smith, Elder.)

type; the meddling and muddling of Lord Russell in European politics which culminated in the loss of Schleswig-Holstein by Denmark, the tragedy of Austria's defeat in the "Six Weeks' War," and finally the rise of Prussia and the defeat of Napoleon III. Court tittle-tattle is plentiful also. The unexpected birth of the Prince of Wales's first child, Albert Victor, for whom even baby-clothes had to be borrowed, so premature was his advent; how the Princess, suffering as she was, burst into uncontrollable laughter when, to console her, someone told her that Lord Russell—little, snuffy, perky Lord John himself—had been a seven months' child; and Queen Victoria's anger that the people were so enthusiastic in their reception of Princess Alexandra, her eldest son's bride, whereas they had received her revered Albert with cold indifference or worse when he had come to wed. But, withal, through the whole of these pages there runs a vein of unavailing sadness. The diarist was growing old, and nearly every entry records the death of a dear friend. He was evidently a man of devoted family affection; and we hear of a sister, Lady Ellesmere, and two brothers, dying, to his profound grief, besides innumerable other relatives and friends. Ill-health and, as it seems, even weariness of life, such as he ascribes to the Prince Consort, overcomes gradually the courtier and eager man of the world that we knew in the earlier pages of his diary. In the later sad years, he frequently expresses his utter inability to continue keeping up the record of events that had been his daily occupation for so long. The final futility of things oppressed and overwhelmed him at last: a new world in politics, and an avalanche of new ideas in Society, were too much for Henry Greville in his old age to understand or realise; and, weary of change, he gave up at last trying to keep pace with it all. His intimates, his dearly beloved relatives, had mostly gone before: the world was a new one, and the courtier, the diner-out, the gay man-about-town, the charming host, the entertaining guest, the last of a brilliant generation, died in December, 1872, though he chronicles a dinner-party and a droll story he heard at it in April of the same year. Though, of course, far less important for the social and political history of the last century than the memoirs of his famous brother Charles, this record, so industriously kept by Henry Greville, is full of entertainment and instruction for those whose early youth was cast in the times he describes. The great events of which vague rumours reached him in childhood seem to an elderly man even more ancient and mysterious than the recorded facts of long-past history of which he reads. For one who, like the present reviewer, unconcernedly saw Palmerston's funeral in his nonage from the top of a house at Westminster, it comes as a revelation, almost as a shock, to learn now how the statesman's death was regarded by his intimates and friends. To a small schoolboy, whose impression of the Prince Consort's death was only one of annoyance because it spoilt a projected holiday, it seems like being resuscitated from a previous incarnation to be brought face to face, forty-three years afterwards, with the table-talk of courtiers on the event. Henry Greville is much kinder in his judgment of men than his brother, and one sees in him a more genial and tolerant character; but there is one personage for whom he never has a kind word in these last pages of his diary. That person is Queen Victoria, who throughout is represented as a capricious, wrong-headed, inconsiderate woman. One wonders whether Henry Greville's estimate of his Sovereign will be that which will ultimately be stamped upon history. It is to be hoped not, or we have indeed been wrong.

MARTIN HUME.

Novel Notes.

BEAUFEU. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (John Murray.)

Of the younger school of historical novelist few are better equipped than Mr. Bailey. A sound scholar with admirable technique and no slight imaginative power, he finds in the pages of history no dreary catalogue of empty names, but a procession of living men and women. His dialogue is brisk and trenchant, and his plots are deftly put together; and yet somehow "Beaufeu" leaves the reader unsatisfied. It is "faultily faultless, icily regular." Perhaps it is due, in some measure, to Mr. Bailey's Oxford training. He is too impartial and apt to conceal his sympathy for his hero. Now if a novelist, at least the novelist of adventure, is to stir the reader's blood, he must feel some enthusiasm for his central figure. The truth is that the fascination of romance lies in identifying one's self for the moment with the protagonist. The man who really enjoys "The Three Musketeers" or "Kidnapped" becomes in imagination D'Artagnan or Alan Breck. He takes a real and active part in every fight and is alternately elated with victory or depressed by defeat. The fight in the round house in "Kidnapped," one of the finest fights in fiction, is real for us precisely in proportion as we can throw ourselves into the characters of the combatants. But we cannot do this when we feel the novelist is regarding his hero with a critical aloofness. Mr. Bailey's attitude to Beaufeu is too impartial. We miss the thrill of Dumas' splendid relish of his heroes, and no amount of historical accuracy or ingenuity in construction will quite make up for it. "Beaufeu" is sound and scholarly work, but it lacks the divine fire.

THE KING'S REVOKE. By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

To run incredible risks in a loyal conspiracy to rescue an imprisoned king, and then, after a series of the most thrilling hairbreadth escapes, to find that the last thing the injured monarch desires is freedom, is indeed a piquant situation. The conspirators stake their lives on the game, and are just on the point of taking the odd trick with their last trump, and then suddenly the king revokes. When everything is ready, down to the minutest detail, the king not only refuses to be rescued, but has the unspeakable meanness to betray his would-be rescuers. The king, it should be explained, is Ferdinand VII. of Spain, entrapped by Napoleon and kept prisoner at Valençay in the interests of the colourless Joseph Buonaparte. The main incidents are historically correct, and the blending of history and fiction is contrived with remarkable skill and tact. Mrs. Woods has followed the sound rule in all historical novels of allotting the leading roles to imaginary characters, and her hero, Patrick Dillon, Irish by birth and Spanish in sentiment and education, is a dashing and picturesque figure. The title of the book is admirable, and the book is as good as the title. It is one of the best historical romances of the year.

BROTHER EAST AND BROTHER WEST. By Leighton Leigh. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Leigh certainly possesses the primary qualification of the controversialist, a firm conviction that his own view is the only one tenable by any right-minded man. At the present moment, when a vast deal is being written about the unemployed, much of it by writers with only a superficial knowledge of the subject, the publication of a book of this type serves as a useful corrective. Mr. Leigh is positive, dogmatic, and often demonstrably wrong; but he is representing a new view and voicing the feelings of a class, the employers of labour, who are too often either left out of account or else cast for the role of villain. Briefly, Mr. Leigh's contention is that the bulk of unemployment (an awkward but convenient abstraction) is preventable and due to the unreasonable demands of the men themselves. The witnesses to this indictment are various employers of labour, the small farmer, the large builder and the small builder, the squire in search of a butler, and the mistress in search of a housemaid. The conclusion of the whole matter, according to Mr. Leigh, is that there is plenty of work if the men would only consent to do it. There is a good deal of shrewd observation in the book. Many of Mr. Leigh's points are made with some neatness. In his more cynical moods he is entertaining and instructive, but when he begins to preach he is sadly dull. The generalisations are too sweeping, and many of the *obiter dicta* about the life of the poorer classes are patently absurd; but with all its defects the book is a genuine contribution to the solution of a great problem.

THE LOVE CHILD. By T. B. Clegg. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a novel by a new writer who is either Australian or knows Australian life, at Sydney and in the Bush, very well indeed. It is the tale of a woman who has two lovers and marries the cold, ambitious one. She hungers after a child which, when it does come, is a love child, the son of the other man. Retribution occupies the remainder of the book,

and contrary to the usage of fiction, it is the man who pays most directly and heavily for the sin of both. Mr. Clegg appears to have the widest sympathies. We do not often meet so many lovable, diverse characters within one pair of covers, nor greater sympathy with the old ideals on the part of one who is acquainted with the new. His writing is leisurely and restrained, and fresh withal. We like especially his pictures of Australian farm life. His clergymen are good without being shoddy. The description of the other man in the condemned cell, and the scene between the wife and her husband, are finely done. Mr. Clegg's theme is well-worn, but he does succeed in raising it, and the common sentiments of life, above the commonplace. In other words, he has talent, and the "Love Child" is well worth reading.

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a very early "G. B. S.," but in every way characteristic of that witty and irresponsible genius. If it were possible to regard this book merely as an ordinary novel by an ordinary writer, we should be compelled to pronounce it dull. The characters have no trace of life, they are merely animated theories. The dialogue is not dialogue at all in the accepted sense; it is an alternating discharge of tracts and sermons. Clearly in his salad days "G. B. S." was not nearly so entertaining as he is now. There was much more pill and not nearly so much jam. But there is no doubt that this is a genuine "G. B. S." This much is clear to any one acquainted with the later books. But the Shavian essence is so much overlaid by the crudities of juvenile and undigested philosophy that we can readily understand why the book was stillborn and has had to wait so long for its resurrection. The irrational knot is, of course, the marriage-knot; and the main idea is that the marriage bond is and can be binding only so long as both parties are content to adhere to it. In Mr. Shaw's view, the moment that either party wearies of the union, any artificial regulation which would forcibly constrain the reluctant man or woman is an absurdity, an irrational knot. This view is not novel, and was not novel even when this book was written five-and-twenty years ago. Nor can it be said that Mr. Shaw adds much to the arguments which have been advanced in support of his position. In point of fact, he does not argue at all—it is not his way. He merely takes a hypothetical case, the case of two impossible people who contract a ridiculous marriage, and says in effect, "See what absurdities your institutions produce." It is typical of the Shavian method of reasoning that it is assumed that an institution capable of producing an absurd result must be essentially and inevitably irrational and wrong. Still the thesis enables Mr. Shaw to indulge in many acute sallies at the foibles of modern society, and, although there is not the same brilliance we have learned to expect from the author of "John Bull's Other Island," many of the criticisms "give furiously to think." Far the best part of the book, however, is the preface, in which Mr. Shaw discusses himself with the most refreshing candour. It is simply irresistibly entertaining, and too characteristically Shavian to admit of criticism or analysis.

THE FULFILMENT. By Edith Allonby. 6s. (Greening and Co.)

The tragic circumstances in which this book was written and published, and by which criticism is almost disarmed, need not be referred to again. Those curious in such matters may read about them in the preface added by the publishers to this posthumous work of an authoress whose earlier writings were not without promise. Some portions of what she wrote for this powerfully conceived but helmless novel have had to be omitted, on the score, apparently, of taste and reverence. Many people will consider that the process of excision might have been carried further, or that the book had better have been left unpublished altogether. It is, at the outset, the semi-allegorical romance of a young, unconventional teacher, Deborah, written with real pathos and grip of life. But the supernatural element prevails. An audacious imaginative treatment of Hell and Heaven leads the writer subsequently to develop clotted gnostic ideas of Jesus as married, and of human society in bliss and woe, till the lack of moral and mental balance wearies the reader out. Mental strain is marked on every page, and a hectic tone characterises the various speculations.

THE RED-HAIRED WOMAN: Her Autobiography. By Louise Kenny. 6s. (Murray.)

This book is dripping and vocal with Irish life. The attractiveness of its pages consists in the richness of detail and intimacy of treatment with which the authoress has presented West Ireland in its days of outrage and violence, when the quiet growths of life were set in thorny thickets. The plot of the book is rather obscured by the luxuriance of this setting; but the heroine stands out all through as a wilful, plucky, charming creature, despite her red hair and green eyes. Why she does not marry her Danish cousin instead of the blond Englishman is a mystery to the reader. Yet her engagement brings out fine qualities in her, and these are all needed before the lovers can mate. The Luck of the O'Currys overshadows the story. "My father says it is character working itself out; my uncle O'Curry says it is just nothing but Luck; the priest of the parish says it is all the blessing of Providence; Captain Wilson says it is all damn nonsense; my mother says she hasn't the faintest idea of what it is, but that she has believed in it ever since she married my father." Miss Kenny has succeeded admirably in depicting these and other characters of her tale, and the novel proves to be far better than its title.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FRIENDLY TOWN: A Little Book for the Urbane. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. 5s. (Methuen and Co.)

The publication of "The Open Road," Mr. E. V. Lucas's well-known anthology in which are set forth the allurements of country life, may be said to have marked an epoch in the development of the anthology. Never did a book better deserve the popularity that was won by this selection, for it not only filled a vacant place, just as Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" filled its place when it made its appearance some five-and-forty years ago, but it originated something quite new of its kind. It was not, however, so much the novelty of Mr. Lucas's book that deserved praise, as the manner in which it was performed. The book was no *hortus siccus*, no mere collection of classic pieces, but a bouquet of flowers—poetry and prose, that time cannot wither nor acquaintance stale. For the new edition that Messrs. Methuen and Co. have just issued, with some additions and a few omissions, Mr. Lucas has done all that could be done to improve the little volume. He has, indeed, proved himself to possess the gift of making charming anthologies, and in "The Friendly Town: A Little Book for the Urbane" he has not only repeated his former success, but he has produced, if possible, a book more to our taste. It is not so much that his judgment may have improved as that we feel that his heart is really in the town. "This is my home of love," he says on the title-page, quoting from Shakespeare; "if I have ranged, like him that travels, I return again." Here in this new book we find a delightful medley of poetry and prose, grave and gay, but it is first of all a cheerful book: the prevailing note shows the compiler to possess a lively sense of humour, without being humorous—'tis Mr. Lucas's way. Many of the pieces in the book are, of course, old friends, but they are none the less welcome on that account. It was a happy inspiration to give J. Hill Burton's masterly character-sketch of Fitzpatrick Sharp, Esq., and to have included some of John Keats' admirable prose. It is a pity, however, that the wits of the eighteenth century are not better represented—Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, the "Tatler" and the "Connoisseur"—the quintessence of the town.

THE FAR EAST. By Archibald Little. 7s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

This latest addition to the valuable "Regions of the World" series of the Clarendon Press fully maintains the high level of knowledge and workmanship that was reached by its predecessors. Mr. Archibald Little handles his subject with the assurance and authority of a specialist; he has written of China and the Far East in other volumes, and, as everyone knows, has an intimate and exhaustive acquaintance with that quarter of the world from long residence and years of travel there. Though, as he mentions in his preface, this book was written literally in the intervals of an exacting business, one may have some conception of the

thoroughness and patient care with which he has collected his data and formed his opinions, from the fact that it is now forty-five years since he set out from his home in China on the first of the many journeyings in the course of which he accumulated the experiences and information that are here embodied. The work covers a vast geographical area, and includes within its survey the whole of China, Indo-China, Japan, Siam, and, in short, all of Eastern Asia outside British India and Siberia. To describe the geographical features of this immense stretch of countries and the history and individual characteristics of so immense a variety of peoples in the limited space to which the author has confined himself was no light undertaking, but it has been accomplished with such skill in compression and so much of the gift of impressionistic writing that while the book is full enough of statistical detail to satisfy the student, it conveys its information in a style that the general reader will find entirely interesting. The careful and illuminating descriptions of China and Japan and the suggestive comparisons drawn between those nations are at this time of quite peculiar interest and importance. "The Far East" is, indeed, an extremely able and every way serviceable contribution to our knowledge of that little-known part of the world that is rapidly and portentously emerging from a very long period of incubation, and is destined, so far as one can see, to a triumphant future that must needs, for good or evil, exercise a fateful influence on our own. The usefulness and value of the book is enhanced by some photographic illustrations and many excellent maps.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. Father Gapon. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

In these days when cricket and football matches are reported by the players themselves, and the leading bigamists become their own biographers, it is natural that the beginning of revolution in Russia, the issue of which no man can foresee, should be chronicled by the one man whose figure stands out amid the tangle of events which led up to the massacre of January 22nd, 1905, an epoch-making event comparable to the September massacre in the French revolution. It has been frequently remarked that the upheaval in Russia has not yet thrown up any great man; and in a sense the remark is true, if the greatness of a revolutionist is to be measured by his success. Yet it is hard to deny a certain grandeur to Father Gapon. He has many of the qualifications of the popular leader, a talent for organisation, the gift of eloquence, or, at any rate, the power to move men by speech, and a certain picturesqueness which is necessary if the popular imagination is to be impressed. Gapon is by birth a peasant, the son of a leading man in a small village in the Poltava Province in South Russia. Trained as a priest, after the death of his wife he succeeded, partly by the help of powerful friends, but mainly by his own untiring efforts, in making his way to St. Petersburg, where he was educated for the higher order of the priesthood. This training was not specially theological; in fact, it was an admirable training for a journalist, and this book is an excellent example of Gapon's gift of lucid exposition. Simple, direct, and telling, without artifice or exaggeration, it helps us to understand why the bureaucracy should have made such efforts to secure Gapon's services. Probably Gapon owed his immunity from arrest to the hope that he might ultimately become an official pamphleteer. It is noticeable that Gapon is not a revolutionist by temperament. The peasant is long-suffering and law-abiding, and it was only by very gradual stages that this priest turned trades unionist, and was ultimately forced to the conviction that the only hope of remedying the great social evils lay in a violent severance from the traditions of the past. This is not the place to discuss Gapon's methods or aims; from the literary point of view his book is a document of the utmost importance to the historian, and a narrative of such sustained and compelling interest as to fascinate even the most dilettante reader. There is something strangely impressive in watching a revolution from the inside.

EXTINCT ANIMALS. By E. Ray Lankester. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

This book is a transcript of a series of lectures delivered by Professor Lankester to a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution. It is therefore absolutely simple in style, but as the subject dealt with is one in which everyone but the expert is really in the position of a child, no better method could have been devised for popularising a singularly fascinating study. Of Professor Lankester's qualifications for the task it would be an impertinence to speak. The Director of the Natural History department of the British Museum is a man of world-wide reputation, and it would be difficult to cite any man whose judgment in regard to extinct animal remains would carry greater weight. Readers, young and old, will be enchanted with this masterly account of the strange creatures whose appearance and habits of life scientists have been able to recreate from seemingly most inadequate material. The book is a model of clearness, and Professor Lankester is happy in adding to his many other endowments the gift of lucid exposition. The admirable illustrations add enormously to the success of the volume, and there is nothing in it which a child could not understand, or which a grown-up person could fail to find interesting.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

Mrs. Stepney Rawson is an artist of the class which never gives a reader bad work. She varies in her style, and she has her "efforts" as well as her "achievements." For dignity of writing we may vote for her historical work and her stories of Rye Town, but her tales of everyday life anywhere are good, too, in their different way, and in **The Labourer's Comedy** (6s.) we have a story of London and small incomes, and journalism and love; a story of insight and knowledge and conviction; a story of humour and struggles and tears; a good story, thoroughly interesting and clever, rather than glamorous and imaginative. We agree with Mrs. Rawson in her strictures on the careless use of the word "quaint," but with such a fastidious writer we cavil when she herself uses the word "delicious" as applying to a house. To the purist, "delicious" should never be used except in connection with the palate. However, far be it from us to cavil seriously with such an admirable writer, whose story of Pamela, and her journalistic experiences, and her life with her dreamy husband in a flat, filled several hours for us with absolute satisfaction. The book is a treat for any novel-reader, and deserves a more attractive *format* than has been allowed it.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS.

The Travelling Thirds (6s.) is a really delightful combination of travel and love-story, told by an author who is to be reckoned with, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. The heroine is an exceptionally beautiful Californian girl, who travels third-class through Spain, rather than not go at all. Her uncle, aunt, and cousins go with her, a family as uncongenial as could well be to the independent-spirited, impulsive girl, with her strong character and her love of beauty. Spain by night and by day, with its glories and its dangers, stretches out before our eyes as the pages are turned, and the passion of love, its vicissitudes, and its unexpected developments are used by Mrs. Atherton to achieve a tender and at the same time exciting story.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

Love and circumstance, and the relentless warring of these two forces are poignantly written of by Mrs. Mabel Dearmer in **The Difficult Way** (6s.). John Pilgrim, the vicar of an East-End parish, marries Nan, a somewhat pagan and beautiful student at an art colony. To Nan, instinctively refined to the finger-tips though she is, life in the sordid district is a life of bliss; she cares nothing for religion, but she cares intensely for her husband. The way is difficult, however, for poverty is goading, John Pilgrim is troubled and delicate, the parish workers are easily irritated, and Nan is desperate when she sees her husband suffering. The deception as the outcome of the love seems so inevitable, the pain as the outcome of the deception, the disaster as the outcome of the pain, all are ruthlessly and impressively detailed in this story of sunshine and shadow. This is the strongest work Mrs. Dearmer has yet done, and her knowledge of her subject is everywhere apparent.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

The machinations and the humours, the shrewdness and the mortification of two ladies in Society are entertainingly told by Miss Esther Miller in **A Vendetta in Vanity Fair** (6s.). A schoolgirl jealousy grown large seems to be the main motive for all the cunning plans, and when Mrs. Crosbie tacitly and smugly boasts of her triumphs in securing the attention of Sir Owen Armiger, the African millionaire, and hurts Lady Bellingham by patronising the poor artist whom Lady Bellingham had loved as the school drawing-master, Lady Bellingham turns as did the worm of tradition, and schemes to help the poor artist, herself, and to wrest, by means of the artist's beautiful daughter, the millionaire from her enemy. The ups and downs, the fluttering and fears, and the unexpected "curtain" are skilfully manipulated, and the "Vendetta" is a capital amusement for a winter's day.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

In the Open Country is the title of an attractive work published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It consists of twenty-one reproductions in colour of the varied and vigorous animal

work of Miss Lucy Kemp Welch. Professor Herkomer, in a graceful preface, pays generous tribute to his quondam pupil, whose career has been a steady progress, while Edward F. Strange supplies a discriminate and sympathetic appreciation. Miss Kemp Welch's treatment of animals is as vigorous as it is faithful, and yet beneath it all there is a subtle poetic vein which seems to put the subject of animal painting in a new light. This book may, also, be cordially commended to the notice of photographers who are interested in landscape or animal studies. The handsome volume is of special folio size and admirably printed.

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

The new volume of the excellent "Story of Exploration Series" is devoted to the history of the Antarctic. The story as told by Dr. H. R. Mier in **The Siege of the South Pole** (7s. 6d. net) is one of great fascination. To its making, the author tells us, has gone the reading of thirty years, and in addition to this the author has "had the good fortune to possess the personal friendship of all, or almost all, the living explorers and promoters of exploration in the Antarctic Regions." The results of these very special qualifications give a very special value to this work, for it is not a compilation, but a real and scholarly addition to historical literature. The volume is provided with many maps and diagrams and nearly eighty illustrations, many of which are of unique interest, and appear here for the first time.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE AND CO.

Mr. Ranger Gull is a writer who varies in the merit of his writings as much as any writer we know. In **The Price of Pity** (6s.), though not at his highest standard, he has put together a story which is very often very clever. He is writing chiefly of three blind men, and of the forces which sway them more, and of the forces which sway them less than other men. His psychology is good—better than his life-likeness. He writes intimately of the everyday doings and occupations of the blind men, not as one who informs you of unusual things, but as of usual things done in less usual circumstances. Only, not infrequently, we feel that the doings and sayings of his ordinary people are not quite natural. However, here we have a love-story which is fresh and interesting, and we learn at the same time of undercurrents in the lives of the blind and in literary London.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

An interesting combination of beauty, art, and faith is to be found in Dr. Alexander Robertson's book, **Venetian Sermons** (10s. 6d. net). The treasures, architectural and natural, of the fair city are dwelt upon, and made to teach impressive lessons of faith, integrity, and the principles of life. The volume is enriched and its teaching enforced by the inclusion of over seventy illustrations, depicting paintings, buildings, scenes and groups in Venice, ancient and modern.

MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE.

A charming little miniature volume for the coming year is **The Royal Bijou Diary** for 1906, which is large enough for "Engagements" or very brief daily notes, contains a short prose or poetical reading for every day, and considerable amount of postal and other information. The pretty book may be had in leather binding for one shilling and ninepence, and in an attractive embossed silver cover for three and sixpence.

MR. H. B. BLACKWELL, OXFORD.

A book to dip into, a book to keep on the writing-table, or by the bedside for constant reading, is the little volume of **Simples from Sir Thomas Browne's Garden**, gathered by Harry Christopher Minchin (3s. 6d.). Sir Thomas Browne is a writer who lends himself readily to this "gathering." To read him is to be tempted to quote him every other minute. His thoughts are brilliant and concisely expressed, quaint and illuminating, deep, wide, and fresh with the freshness which is independent of century or style of phraseology. Mr. Minchin adds an adequate account of the old writer for the understanding of those who come newly to Sir Thomas in this volume—a volume which is soberly tasteful from cover to cover, inclusive.

Reprints and New Editions.

Half a dozen more volumes of the **Universal Library** (1s. net, 2s. net) come from Messrs. Routledge. For freshness of material it is one of the best series of reprints. Among the new issues are Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," Leopardi's "Essays and Dialogues," "Rasselas," and a couple of volumes of "The Spectator."

A dainty and beautiful series of small volumes is that which Mr. George G. Harrap publishes under the title of "The King's Treasury of Literary Masterpieces." And seventeenth in the the alluring list comes **Golden Wings**, by William Morris (5s. net). The little prose romance and poem are certainly in appropriate setting. In the daintiest of soft leather binding, with cut edges and small embossed centre design on the velvety surface, with good paper, type, and a finely engraved vignette for frontispiece, the "masterpiece" forms a most attractive possession. The little volume is enclosed in a workmanlike case of brown cardboard, with an effective red seal and gilt clasp.

Shakespeare is not only of eternal interest, but, it seems, of eternal profit, for the editions, beautiful, scholarly, large, small, annotated, unadorned, are more numerous than ever. From Messrs. Collins, of the "Clear-Type Press," comes a one-volume edition of the complete works, on good opaque paper, and in excellent type (5s.). One very attractive feature of this edition is an essay on Shakespeare and Bacon, by Sir Henry Irving. This same firm is also issuing another handy edition, under the title of "The Stage Shakespeare" (1s. net and 1s. 6d. net). It is small, light, very clearly printed as to the speeches of the several characters, and is well illustrated.

A large-type, fine-paper edition of Justin McCarthy's **History of Our Own Times**, comes to us in three small volumes (2s. net, 3s. net each) from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is the perfection of form for a work of this kind, lying well open in the hand and being quite light for the pocket.

A most dainty little set of books is the miniature set of five volumes of **Selections from the Works of Washington Irving** (5s.), published by Messrs. G. G. Harrap and Co. These tiny thin paper books are bound in soft green suede leather, and enclosed in a miniature case. A pretty toy for any Washington Irving admirer.

New Books of the Month.

NOVEMBER 10TH TO DECEMBER 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ASTON, W. G., C.M.G., D.Litt.—Shinto (The Way of the Gods), 6s. net ..... (Longmans)

Author of "The Faith of a Christian."—Conversations with Christ, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

BAINBRIDGE, HARRIETTE S.—For Soul and Body, 6d. net (A. H. Stockwell)

PEECHING, H. C., M.A., D.Litt.—The Apostles' Creed, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

The Apostles' Creed will become a new thing to many who read these chapters. Canon Beeching is illuminating on his subject, which was first delivered in a series of lectures in Westminster Abbey.

BOUHEY, REV. JOHN.—The Glory of the Lord; or, Christ-life in the Potteries, 3s. net ..... (A. H. Stockwell)

BROWN, R. M.—Forty Bible Lessons and Forty Illustrative Stories, 3s. 6d. ..... (Allenson)

An admirable book for the early religious teaching of children. With story, verse, and instructions for easy and attractive occupations which enforce the lessons, the pages are thoroughly bright and healthy in tone.

CRAWLEY, ERNEST.—The Tree of Life, 12s. net (Hutchinson)

DAVIES, E. O., B.Sc.—Theological Encyclopædia. Introduction. By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

DEANE, ANTHONY C.—The Master's Side, 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner)

E. C. B.—A Drummond Treasury, 1s. net ... (Thomas Burleigh)

A little book of thoughts gathered from the writings of Henry Drummond. A volume which will soon be a favourite on the reader's shelf of devotional books—a volume to have ready to hand to dip into.

HORTON, ROBERT F., M.A., D.D.—The Hidden God. Sermons. 3s. 6d. ..... (Brown, Langham)

Jewish Encyclopædia, The, Vol. XI. ..... (Funk and Wagnalls)

JOWETT, REV. J. H., M.A.—The Epistles of St. Peter, 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

KINNEAR, JOHN BOYD.—The Foundations of Religion, 3s. 6d. ..... (Smith, Elder)

KNOWLES, REV. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.—The Holy Christ-Child, 3s. net ..... (Brown, Langham and Co.)

KNOX-LITTLE, REV. CANON W. J., M.A.—The Conflict of Ideals in the English Church, 10s. 6d. ..... (Pitman)

LANG, COSMO GORDON, BISHOP OF STEPNEY.—The Parables of Jesus, 6s. ..... (Pitman)

Literary Illustrations of the Bible, The Book of Ecclesiastics, The Book of Daniel, The Gospel of Saint Mark. 3 vols. Edited by James Moffatt, D.D. 1s. 6d. net each (Hodder and Stoughton)

LODGE, SIR OLIVER.—Life and Matter, 2s. 6d. net (Williams and Norgate)

ORR, JAMES, D.D.—God's Image in Man, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER, D.D.—Venetian Sermons. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)

Ruth and Esther, The Books of, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. net (Routledge)

Messrs. Routledge are enterprising. They have included the Books of Ruth and Esther in their series of Photogravure Volumes. Mr. Gilbert James has illustrated the narratives by twelve drawings. Mr. James's style is especially well suited to Old Testament subjects; its almost archaic simplicity of treatment being in keeping with the more formal period of the Old Testament.

SCOTT, C. ANDERSON, M.A.—The Book of the Revelation, 5s. .....(Hodder and Stoughton)

Sermons, By Unitarian Ministers, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Philip Green)

SMALL, ANNIE H.—Buddhism. Islam. 2 vols. 1s. net each (Dent and Co.)

Pertinent information in a booklet is the excellent design, apparently, of the small volumes which Messrs. Dent and Company are now issuing on the subject of the religions of the

world. "Studies in the Faiths" is the title of the series. Miss Small is steeped in her subject, and displays the necessary sympathy with the Eastern mind.

THOMSON, MARGARET R.—Animals of the Bible, 1s. 6d. (Sunday School Union.)

WAGNER, CHARLES.—The Upright Life, 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)

WATSON, JOHN.—The Inspiration of Our Faith, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

NEW EDITIONS.

A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—The Imitation of Christ. Translated by Rev. William Benham. Twelve Photogravures after Celebrated Paintings. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Routledge)

KEBLE, JOHN.—The Christian Year. With Black and White Engravings ..... (Collins, Glasgow)

LAW, WILLIAM.—A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, 6d. ..... (Allenson)

REICHEL, GEORGE V., Ph.D.—What Shall I Tell the Children. Object Sermons and Teachings, 3s. 6d. (Allenson)

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Prayers, Written at Vailima. With Introduction by Mrs. Stevenson. 1s. net, 2s. net ..... (Chatto)

A tasteful reprint of the beautiful, cheering prayers which Stevenson used in his household at Samoa. Mrs. Stevenson in her Introduction gives a vivid picture of the daily life of Tusitala's home in the Pacific.

STILL, REV. S. STEWART, M.A.—Old Testament History Analysed, 2s. net ..... (Heffer, Cambridge)

THEW, JAMES.—Broken Ideals, and Other Sermons, 2s. 6d. (Allenson)

VALDESSO, JOHN.—Divine Considerations. Sacred Treasury Series. 2s. net, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)

An extremely interesting reprint of Nicholas Ferrars' translation of Valde's "Considerations." Valde's writing is beautiful in itself, Ferrar is interesting as the founder of the religious house at Little Gidding, so familiar to us through Shorthouse's "John Inglesant"; and an added interest lies in the preface and notes by the pious George Herbert, here included. A volume of three-fold charm.

FICTION.

ALLONBY, EDITH.—The Fulfilment, 6s. ..... (Greening)

APPLETON, G. W.—The Silent Passenger, 6s. ... (John Long)

BAILEY, H. C.—Beaufeu, 6s. .....(John Murray)

BRICE, SHIRLEY.—The Might of a Wrong-doer, 6s. (John Long)

BYRDE, MARGARETTA.—The Interpreters, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

CASTLEMAN, H. C. F.—That Moving Finger, 3s. 6d. (Greening)

A story which goes to prove that it is ill to interfere with true love. Lady Chesford married her daughter to a man of ice, the daughter being honestly in love with a poor army officer of a contrary nature. Nothing but trouble comes of it, and the story is not always even pleasant in itself.

CONNOR, RALPH.—The Pilot at Swan Creek, 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Cloth *versus* Silk, 6s. (Hutchinson)

CRANFORD, HOPE.—Ida Llymond and Her Hour of Vision, 6s. ..... (Skeffington)

CROSSE, MURIEL.—The Irony of Fate, 3s. 6d. ... (Greening)

DIEHL, ALICE M.—A Lonely Fight, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

Love and mystery, and a migration of the heroine from desolate poverty, through companionship with a titled Tartaress, to married happiness and the conquering of the Tartaress, are some of the ingredients of this full story. Miss Diehl understands the value of a word here and a hint there to heighten her effects; and she manages to kindle incident without neglecting characterisation.

DOUGLAS, THEO.—A Golden Trust, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

EWICK, LUCY.—A Case of Dementia, 1s. net (Thomas Burleigh)

HARTLEY, C. GASQUOINE.—The Weaver's Shuttle, 6s. (Greening)

HEARN, LAFCADIO.—The Romance of the Milky Way, 5s. net ..... (Constable)

HEDDLE, ETHEL F.—The Secret of the Turret, 6s. (Pitman)

It is a very simple secret in some ways; not exactly a simple matter for the owner of the turret, but its mystery is not one to keep a reader on tenter hooks of suspense. An American girl tells this story of a Scottish home, and in her bright manner allows us to divine the meaning of the food taken secretly to the turret, and the poverty of a family which ought to be in comfortable circumstances. Miss Heddle's stories are always a safe investment for the mother of young girls.

HERRICK, ROBERT.—The Memoirs of an American Citizen, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

HOUGH, EMERSON.—Heart's Desire. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan)

INGERSOLL, ERNEST.—An Island in the Air, 6s. (Macmillan)

KENNY, LOUISE.—The Red-Haired Woman, 6s. (John Murray)

L. A. F.—The Dream of Phil Harmonicus, 1s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

LAURIE-WALKER, AGNESE.—Pauline Merrill, 6s. (Greening)

LEES, ROBERT JAS.—The Life Elysian, 6s. ..... (John Long)

This is the kind of book which, we imagine, gives more pleasure to the writer than to the reader. The writer (who prefers to be called "The Recorder") probably feels that he will be better when, to use an expressive slangy term, he has got it off his chest. The reader is less pleased when he gets it on his own. We admit that this is the autobiography of a soul in Paradise, and yet—and yet. There is thought in the book and a certain unconscious humour, and the author is sincerely earnest. Here and there, possibly, it will appeal with a religious seriousness to a rather abnormal mind—but as a recreation we fear it will be found a little dull.

LEVER, CHARLES.—Jack Hinton. Illustrated by Hablot Knight Browne. 3s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)

LEYS, JOHN K.—The Broken Fetter, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

LYALL, DAVID.—The Heritage of the Free, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

MAJOR, CHARLES.—Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

MAXWELL, H.—The Secretary of State, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

MEADE, L. T.—The Face of Juliet, 6s. ..... (John Long)

The heroine tells her own story, and begins by letting us into the secret of her charm. "My hair was of raven blackness to match my eyes, my complexion was pale, but had a sort of creamy warmth about it." We know, indeed, that heroine; she fascinates, and she does not take much time for the doing of it. From country to town she goes, and in less than a month has been presented at Court, and is the cynosure of all eyes. But then there is Juliet—for the heroine is not Juliet. Juliet has black hair also, but a lot more colour in her face, and—well, there are misunderstandings between these stranger-sisters, but all ends well; for on the last page the right hero, who is nothing if not prompt, says, "Can you forgive me? Shall we go to church to-morrow? Will you be mine for better, for worse, for ever and ever—" etc., "and I answered that I would." Ah! Mrs. Meade knows.

POPHAM, FLORENCE.—The Paramor Papers, 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith)

PRETOR, ALFRED.—My Pretty Jane; or, Judy and I, 3s. 6d. (Bell and Sons)

RANGER-GULL, C.—The Price of Pity, 6s. (F. V. White and Co.)

RAWSON, MAUD STEPNEY.—The Labourer's Comedy, 6s. (Constable)

RICE, ALICE HEGAN.—A Denominational Garden, 1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton)

RYND, EVELYNE E.—Different Drummers, 3s. 6d. ... (Newnes)

SETTLE, J. H.—Election Anecdotes, 1s. net ..... (Skeffington)

SMITH, ELLEN ADA.—The Pride of the Tristan Herricks, 6s. (Digby, Long)

ST. IVEN, W.—When all the World was Young, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

TAUBMAN-GOLDIE, HENRIETTA.—A Pilgrim of Love, 6s. (Digby, Long)

TAYLOR, MRS. JOHN.—A Man from the Shires, 6s. (Gay and Bird)

THOMAS, ANNIE (MRS. PENDER-CUDLIP).—A Pretender, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

The story of an heiress who injured her cousin in the approved fashion by supplanting him. A story, too, which is lightened and brightened by a family at the Vicarage near by, who are anxious for lovers, and take their several ways of winning them. The various threads of the story are interestingly managed.

TURNER, EDGAR AND REGINALD HODDER.—The Purloined Prince ..... (Caxton Press)

TYTLER, SARAH.—A Stepmother in Ambush, 6s. (Digby, Long)

VAN VORST, MARIE.—Miss Desmond, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Who was Lady Thurne? 6s. (John Long)

Miss Warden is nothing if not sensational. Her new book is a kind of "East Lynne" with variations, dramatic, domestic, harrowing at times, at times thrilling. The two wives of this story, both alive at the same time, and knowing one another, provide material for some forceful scenes, and the end is an ingenious arrangement.

WASSON, GEORGE S.—The Green Shay, 6s. ..... (Constable)

WOOD, L. C.—For a Free Conscience, 6s. (Headley Brothers)

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